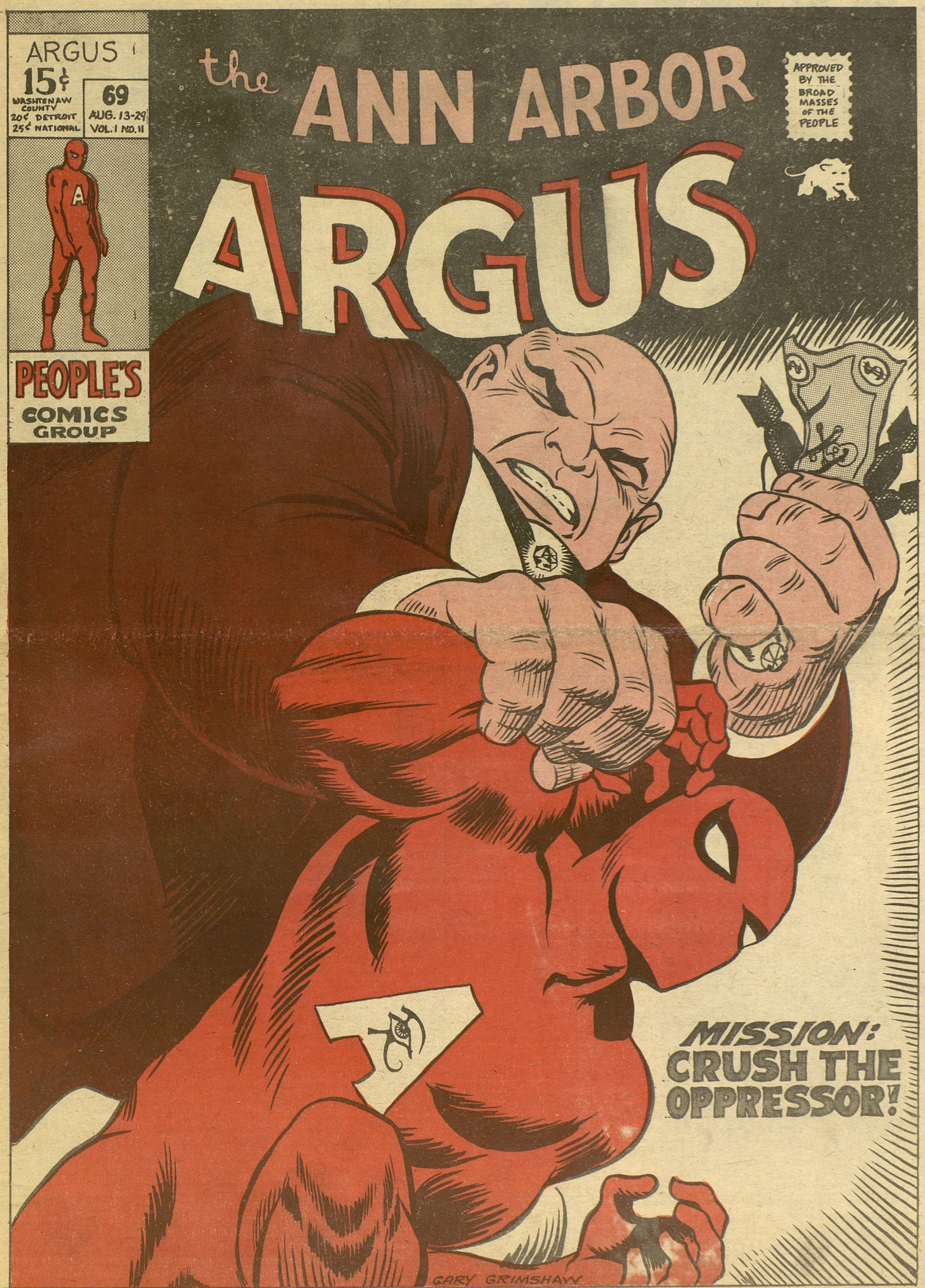

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FLEAGLE

Dear Fleagle,

My woman and I were digging the night air out in a field. She was head fucking me when a pig car pulled up. He hassled us pretty good saying we could both go to jail for the rest of our lives. He finally let us go, but I want to know if he was jiving us. B.J.

Dear B.J.,

Outside of a bust for indecent exposure which is a misdemeanor, Michigan has two heavy laws for people who don't necessary like their love straight. Anyone committing the "abominable and detestable crime against nature either with mankind or with any animal" is liable for 15 years in the state pen. For anyone who cannot guess which act that is, the Michigan Supreme Court has spelled out that the crime is one of anal penetration only. I guess mouths and weird fucking positions are less detestable, or is it less abominable?

Such "crimes" are only worth five years in jail under the law against "gross indecency". "Gross indecency" is any sexual conduct that is of such character that the common sense of society regards it as indecent and improper.

Although most prosecutions are against homosexuals, these laws make such acts between men and women, including husband and wife, criminal. In fact, there was one case written up in Playboy where a wife got mad at her husband and had him prosecuted for fucking her in the ass when they were getting on better.

The irony of these acts is that they put people in jails which are notorious for their homosexual activity. Fortunately, there are few people arrested since it is a little hard to get evidence. But the sex laws can be used to harass people.

As far as putting you in jail for life, there is a provision of the law where people considered sexual psychopaths can be put in a criminal institution until they are cured; usually never since they get no treatment.

The commission which is revising the Michigan criminal code is proposing that all sexual acts between consenting adults not be criminal, but until that is passed, pull down your shades.

Dear Fleagle,

I got beautiful long-flowing hair. There is warrant for my arrest on a traffic charge. If I go to the county slam, will Pig Harvey be able to get my hair. Long haired Freak.

Dear Freak,

Most probably Harvey will cut your hair even if its not legal. Your best bet is to make sure you have enough money to post bail so you don't go to Harvey's pigpen at all. Better yet make sure a lawyer is present when you give yourself up.

As far as cutting hair goes, jail officials can only cut your hair for sanitary reasons or to maintain discipline. However, when someone is in jail before they are convicted of a crime, they still have their citizen rights. Although only one federal court has ruled that the right to have long hair and a beard is protected by the Constitution, other courts have ruled that prison officials cannot just do anything they want to prisoners. They must justify their action to show why they are treating prisoner in a certain manner

When a prisoner is in jail awaiting bond, there are few reasons for the pigs to force discipline on him. But, it is difficult to get a court to intervene in prison affairs.

Most judges probably don't think hair is important so the best way to get them involved is to show that the cops are picking out long-haired freaks for special treatment. After South University, that should not be too hard.

Dear Fleagle,

A friend of mine is keeping his stash in a locker at the bus station. He says he can't get busted that way because the cops have no legal way of getting at the dope. Is he right? A. Head

Dear Head,

This is very uncool. Most bus station lockers are owned either by the bus company or some other company. Usually there is some sign in the station, that the company has the right to open the lockers. All the cops have do do, if they are suspicious about the locker, is ask the company to open up the locker.

At least, two federal courts have said that the company can give its consent and waive the renter's right against illegal search and seizure. Thus, the cops don't need a search warrant or even probable cause.

The Supreme Court has not considered the specific question, and might decide that the renter has an exclusive right which can't be waived, but don't expect a lower court in Michigan to throw out evidence.

LET THEM EAT WATER

Liberal Mayor Robert Harris, while not fortunate enough to be in the city during the first two days of Sheriff Harvey's pig riot on South U. last July 16-19, was nevertheless able, by 10 o'clock at nite, less than an hour after returning to Ann Arbor, that there were no incidents of police brutality, and that the police had "exercised great restraint."

We were assurred later that he said this and similar statements so that Harvey could not out-law 'n' order him too much, and that he was trying to ask Atty. Gen. Frank Kelley to keep Ann Arbor out of Harvey's problem. This was the reason, too, why 400 Ann Arbor city police are needed for Sunday free concerts—so Harvey couldn't interfere. But Who Can Tell The Dancer From The Dance?

Now, the Argus has learned of some leading points of the resulf of Harris' special blue-ribbon commission's report on the riot [mandatory lib solution, of course], although the contents are still secret. The committee, headed by Dem Second Ward Councilman Robert Faber, recommends that swimming pools be provided in the city, for use of street people, presumbably. This aspect of the solution is also intended to ease the liberal consciences, who for years have been wondering if hippies REALLY bathe.

Next, a city-built "soapbox" should be constructed, for anyone who wants to talk, incite to riot, etc. And an old warehouse should be provided, where people can "rap" and make leather sandles, and maybe hammer out a sickle or two.

And the report re-emphasizes Harris' first notions of the policework in the riot. What trees do they plant, anyway?—K.K.

This is a report to the community concerning money raised for the LSD [Legal Self Defense] Fund. This is to show where the money went.

PEOPLE BONDED OUT

Robert Gustofson, bond set at $1,500—LSD paid a bondsman 10%—$150.

John Staff, bond set at $1,500—LSD paid a bondsman 10%—$150.

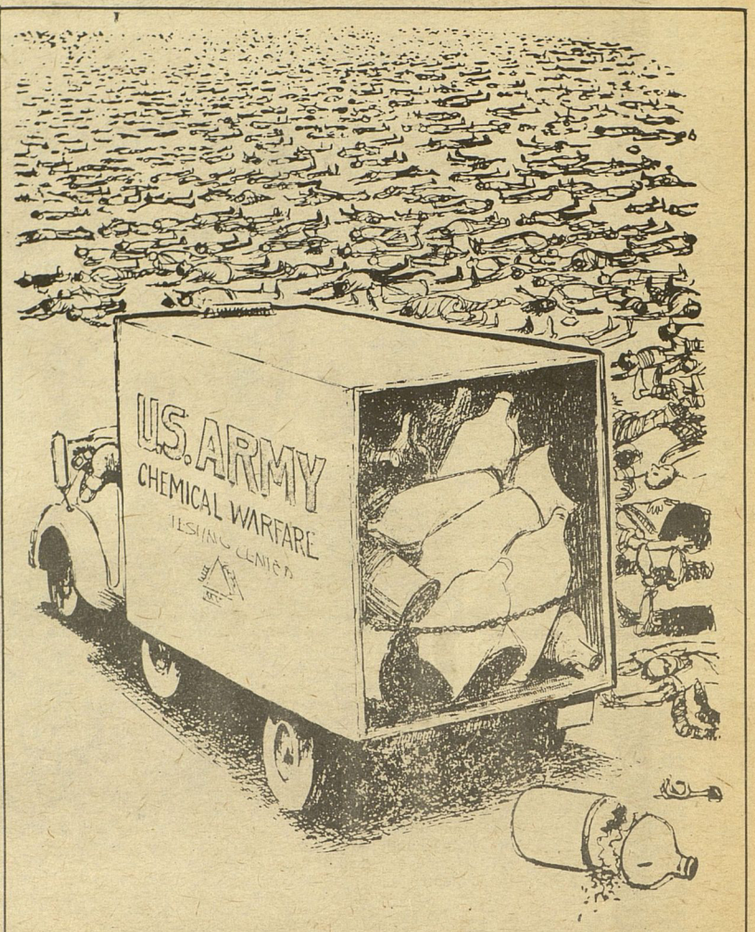
Jackie Evens, bond set at $1,500—LSD paid a bondsman 10%—$150.

Eugene Gregory, bond set at $1,000—LSD paid a bondsman 10%—$100.

Terry Tate, bond set at $5,000—LSD paid a bondsman 10%—$500.

There is an important point about LSD, and that is that we have a very beautiful bondsman, whenever we buy a bond from him he turns back a certain % to the fund, so instead of all the money going out of the community some of the money comes back. This is important to remember if you ever place bond without using LSD, you should know that he is doing this and that he is sympithatic, he should be used as much as possable. We will put a report in the ARGUS EVERY issue. SUPPORT YOUR BAIL FUND. LSD COMMITTEE.

Legal Problem—Write Fleagle: 725 N. University.



"Oops!"

Luv Letters

[Editor's note: There are no typographical errors in this letter. The syntax expressed is the author's.]

Kenneth Kelly???

This writer heard on Radio Sta. WXYZ Sun. Aug. 4—your filthy mouthings. Why don't you "nigger man"—and all your rotten breed go back to Africa where you came from. You are the most rotten jerk—I ever listened to, were you filled up with dope? You sure sounded like it. Why don't you and the rest of your rotten niggers go to Cuba—or Russia or China? Man, they'd string you up don't forget to take Rat brown and Carmichael and Abernathy and Formanwith you. This is White America not Black and don't ever forget that "nigger-man". If you holler like you did Sun nite of Revolution—well again nigger your cause will be set back 500 more years. Your so called culture? ho ha is in Africa—not in America [White America] never forget that—"nigger-man"—your own black chief sold your ancestors in slavery to England—blame them—not whites. Our country was founded by whites never by blacks. Africa is a vast rich country why not start an exodus from America to Africa—and fight it out amongst your selves there—you don't belong here with civilized white majority—loving americans. We don't need you or your kind here—so get the Hell out "nigger" and all who follow your rotten ideas. We are 190,000,000 whites to only 20 million blacks—so how can you win—you can't—we won't let you—don't ever forget that. So Kelly [ha ha] get lost—you smell.

K.S. An American who loves our country—our country.

To whom it may concern:

It is funny how you don't say anything about The Ann Arbor Police force, but they seem to be working for you now, or should I say out of the office of Bob Harris, who works for you.

The only reason that you cut Sheriff Harvey down in your trashy paper is because he won't bow to your way of thinking. [and I don't blame him!!]

You have also made statements about deputies threating to rape girls arrested. This I don't believe, as no one in their right mind would touch any of those dirty girls. Most of them hadn't had a bath in about 2 years I bet. Not only that, but they will have intercourse with any male that walks, clean or dirty!!

That story about Tom Copi, I don't believe that either, for the fact that he said it is a true story, that changed my mind right away, [sic] I don't think he knows The Truth.

I know this letter won't appear in your paper (?) as there are no four letter words in it, but at least it will let you know how an ex-police officer feels [from A^2] about your think [sic] etc. The reason I am an ex-office [sic] is I don't want to work for a bunch of hippies, I would rather work for Sheriff Harver. [sic]

Sock it to em Doug

Ex-City Policeman

[Ed. Note: There are actually no less than 01 51 four-letter words in this letter, which is 03 why we decided to print it.]

Kenneth Kelley/Howard Kohn/Kip Mercure/W. Rexford Benoit/Neal Bush/Marc Stickgold/Tom Nixon/Gary Grimshaw/Debbie Osment/David Baker/Thomas R. Copi—Used Car Editor/Pat O'Donohue/Vanilla Von Cameo/Joel Block/Bob Kundus/Rhonda Benoit/Kathy Kohn/Sue Nash/Craig Penner/Adrienne Tentler/Tom Anderson/Don Jones/Rudnick-Frawley/Kathie Lucas/Barb Hebbard/Patrick Murphy/Bob Sheffield/Danny Erlewine/Lita Eliscy/MINISTER OF INFORMATION AND POLITICAL PRISONER, BROTHER-IN-EXILE: JOHN SINCLAIR. Copyright, 1969, The Ann Arbor Argus. No portion of this may be reproduced without permission, except for Underground Press Syndicate Members. The Argus is published bi-weekly at Ann Arbor, Michigan. Member, Liberation News Service, LNS, Underground Press Syndicate, UPS, and Revolutionary Press Movement, RPM. Editorial offices, 725 North University, Number 7, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48104. Phone: 662-3258. NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Concert Hall Publications, 302 Easton Road, Glenside, Pennsylvania. Phone: (215) TU7-9224. NATIONAL DISTRIBUTION REPRESENTATIVE: J&A Distribution Co., Inc. 1133 Broadway, N.Y. N.Y. 10010. Phone: (212) 242-4741. Subscription Rates: $3 per year, $5 two years and overseas one year. Servicemen, $2 per year. In Vietnam—FREE!

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murder

by Peter Brett and the Argus Tribe

The day John Norman Collins was apprehended, the maidens of Washtenaw County threw away their teargas pens and unbolted their doors. The police finally had thier man—the sex fiend who had cut off the lives of—how many?—innocents.

But is it true or even plausible that this ex-fraternity education major from Eastern Michigan University is the man who singlehandedly baffled the police for two years?

An independent Argus investigation has uncovered sufficient evidence to indicate police are still confused—even though their desperate ploy to trap a murderer did yield Collins.

As the police ruminated aimlessly this spring, Washtenaw County Prosecutor William Delhey confessed they "needed another murder to find some clues."

Apparently true to his word, Delhey reportedly helped arrange a police setup, used to snare Collins in the killing of Karen Sue Beineman.

Delhey was heading the investigation when Cpl. Edward Leik of the Michigan State Police was ordered to give Collins, his nephew, access to his home while he wenton vacation.

Collins became a suspect two weeks BEFORE the Beineman murder when Peter Hurkos, Los Angeles mystic helping in the case, provided his description to the police.

According to informed sources, Leik was ordered to telephone Collins and arrange leaving a key to the house so Collins could ostensibly feed Leik's pets. Leik had given Collins a key two years previously, but left another one under the mat to make sure Collins had one.

Police had Collins under surveillance. Rather than arousing his suspicions, though, undercover agents simply recorded his activities at his Ypsilanti apartment instead of tailing him.

After Miss Beineman disappeared, police tightened surveillance on Collins, but three times he unintentionally slipped out of the police net.

Police searched the Leik house the day after Miss Beineman's disappearance and noticed nothing. On a second, more thorough, search later in the week they allegedly noticed bloodstains on a washing machine in the basement.

Police waited until Leik's scheduled return from his vacation before arresting Collins to avoid tipping off the contrived arrangement.

Argus sources do not know whether fresh paint was on the basement wall during either of the first two police searches. But Leik used the excuse of fresh paint on the walls to supposedly alert police to a murder scene.

On the night of the Beineman murder, Hurkos says he had a flash that she was dead, and later dreamt of "three people beating her, especially about the head." Miss Beineman's head was badly bashed in.

According to sources, police are not satisfied Collins committed any or all of the murders, though they intend to press for a prosecution as fast as possible to allay public pressure.

Police have also privately admitted they suspect as many as six people could be involved in the murders.

Lending credence to this theory is the fact police believe Ernest Bishop acted only as an accomplice in the shooting of Margaret Phillips. Police have not been able to apprehend the second man, and Bishop has remained silent despite threats and promised deals.

Sources say Bishop left the Phillips apartment through a side window while the killer fled through the front door. Bishop, however, carried the murder weapon with him.

It is known that Bishop led police to the site along the Huron River where he tossed the murder gun only after a detective threatened to have him charged with several of the other murders.

Police are reluctant to confirm the presence of this "mystery man" because it would emphasize thier lack of information about the crimes.

Police have also not confirmed reliable evidence that Alice Kalom, another victim did not attend the Depot House party the night of her disappearance—contrary to police reports.

Miss Kalom's boyfriend waited for her at the Depot House but reports he never saw her. Instead a woman wearing Miss Kalom's lilac blouse and white mini-skirt arrived in her place.

Some sources now believe that girl was Miss Phillips. This could be related to Miss Phillips' mysterious phone call to her father, the night before she was murdered, telling him she had information about the murders that would "astound the world."

Both Collins and Bishop are implacably silent. And police again need more clues to solve the complete list of murders—which promises to continue if all the real killers aren't apprehended.

united front

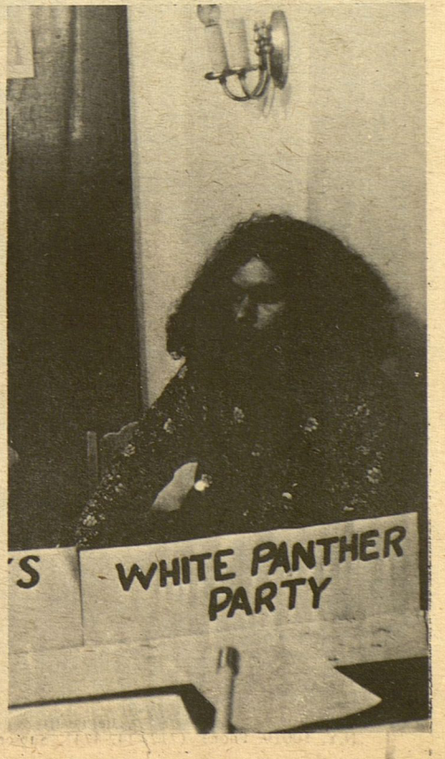
On Monday, August 11, the Trans-Love Energies Commune at 1510 Hill held a solidarity meeting with the White Panthers, Black Berets, Congolian Maulers, God's Children MC, and the Sunnygoode Street Commune to express their unity and their common aims. All of the groups mentioned the problem of marijuana supplies being cut while heroin is allowed to flow freely—the groups hope to educate their people to the dangers of smack.

Outrageous harassment by the police was noted by all of the groups. Gary Wilson, Defense Captain of the Black Berets said the "pigs are always trying to push us into a situation where they can start some stuff" and while the black community is being hassled for marijuana and mere existence, "junkies are allowed to run free." The Berets are waiting for a charter from national Black Panther headquarters to become a local Black Panther chapter, but their charter has been delayed because headquarters is busy defending itself against nationwide purges against the Black Panthers. The Black Berets intend to educate the black community about their rights, methods of self-defense, and hope to start a free breakfast program.

The Congolese Maulers is a commune of art, music, and general freaks which moved to Ann Arbor under the impression that the hip community is more together here. They reported far worse harassment here than around Detroit and noted forced searches of their house by the police who "try to incite us to crime." Ann Arbor's Sunnygoode Street Commune spokesman, Jeff Hoff told of five brothers being arrested and illegally searched on a "kidnapping" charge.

God's Children motorcycle club expressed complete unity with the other groups, but their representative would not appear because of the TV-2 film crew recording the event.

Pun Plamondon, White Panther Minister of Defense was the spokesman for all of the groups and said the groups were forming a loose alliance for the purposes of letting masses of this country know what really is as opposed to the false image given by the straight press, and educating the people about the heroin problem. The groups hope to unite to pool knowledge and resources for self-defense and in general for the facist elements and practices of Amerika. Prominently mentioned is the alliances's backing of Recall Sheriff Harvey petitions and the Black Panther program to give each community a locally controlled and manned police force. —D.B.



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LIBERATE BROTHER JOHN SINCLAIR!

by Ed Sanders

It makes one weep that a man like John Sinclair is imprisoned when criminals like Kenneth Conbou, the board of directors of Minneapolis Honeywell [the fragmentation bomb company] and Melvin Laird are allowed to roam about destroying the noble spirit of humanity.

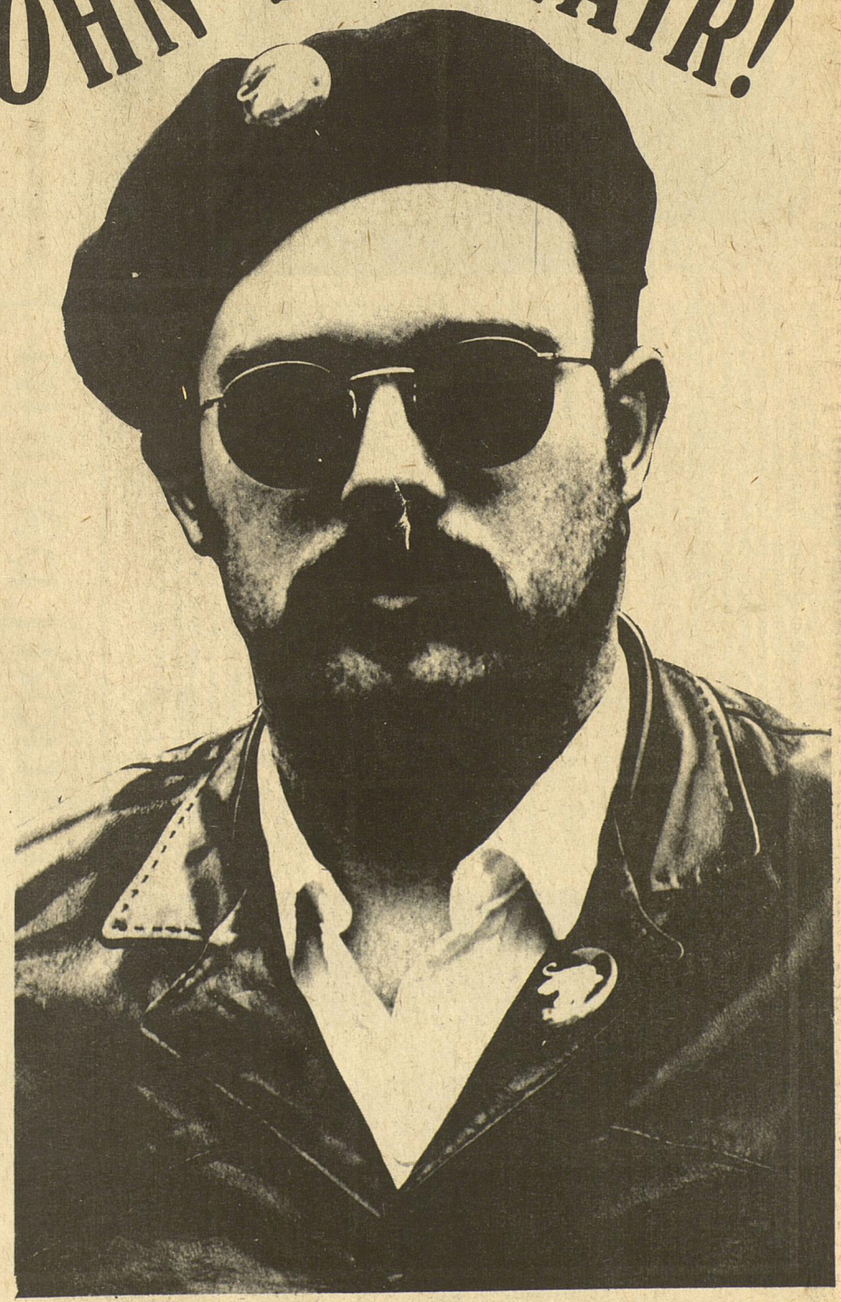
John Sinclair was sentenced to 10 years in the Southern Michigan Prison for passing out, free, two joints to a bearded undercover agent who with a policewoman posing as his wife, was running a psychedelic candle shop in the Detroit poetry-rock-publishing community. 10 years for 2 cigarettes of marijuana, the benevolent herb of Ra. 10 years! One ought to be given awards for turning on a cop. Instead he may be forced to tithe one-seventh of his allotted earthly time for dispensing 2 items of pleasure.

On Friday, August 1, a Michigan court of appeals refused to grant an appeal bond so that Sinclair might be free to join his expectant wife and baby while the case is considered in the various appeal courts. Perhaps Sinclair will find some justice in the U.S. Supreme Court but that might not occur until 1971. John Sinclair must be freed! On Monday August 4, John's lawyers, Charles Ravitz and Sheldon Otis, will have carried the hearing to the Michigan Supreme Court in a further attempt to get a bond set Should bond not be granted on the state level, then the lawyers will carry the hassle into the federal courts. In the meantime, one of the most benevolent leaders of our era will be locked up away from his beloved music and poetry, surrounded by beastish guards and godless walls of metal.

Is John Sinclair a Sauceroid? Who is this ravening beast of porn-smut that the police and courts are so anxious to remove from the civilization for 10 years? John Sinclair is a successful leader and that is what it's really all about. Since 1964 he has labored with brilliance and legendary energy to create an integrated community of artists, first in Detroit with the Artist-Writers Workshop and then in Ann Arbor where he set up the famout Trans-Love Energies community. His success has been amazing. John has that rarest quality among leaders, the ability to inspire love energy and self-confidence in fellow creators so that as the Trans-Love community grew, the energy was directed toward art and stability.

His printing presses have produced over the years books and magazines of brilliant

[Continued on page 14]



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'I JUST WANNA TESTIFY': MAGDALENE SINCLAIR

Meeting John back in 1964 was a long and slow process. I had met him in the Wayne State University Cafeteria where we both were students. I often saw him on Second Ave., where he lived in the apartment house next to mine. But one occassion I remember specifically was the day he got busted the first time. The news of his arrest sent small waves of panic thru the neighborhood. He was one of the first people of white, middle-class back ground that was ever busted in Detroit. Girls were running around collecting money for him. By the next evening he was out on $1000. Gail Pearl had paid a bondsman $100—and got him out. There was a party that night at Robin Eichele's Apartment and everybody got high. John paid a schuyster lawyer down at the Recorders Court $250—and got 2 years probation. That was all.

The way he got busted was this: A spade "friend" dopedealer of his from Flint got popped and was facing 15 or 20 years. The pigs promised him time off from that sentence if he could bust someone else. That is common procedure. He chose John, set him up and busted him.

John had moved to the Castle on John Lodge [the famous hassle castle, see INFORMED SOURCES] by this time. He was living with Charles Moore there who was in the process of getting his band, the Detroit Contemporary 5, together. This is where I got high for the first time. I'll never forget it, either. I had smoked grass once before, back in the beatnik days in 1960, after I had just been in this country for 6 months and wanted to be a beatnik more than anything else. That was at Jamesville, on Woodward avenue so named after James Gurley who stayed there in his tiny room and played his guitar almost 24 hours every day for years. I didn't get high then, though, because I was too paranoid, I guess. Here on 4821 John Lodge I went to see John about some business matters concerning the formation of the Artists' Workshop. The first order of business was getting out the tokes. I couldn't refuse. I remember lying on the bed between John and George Tysh, candle light, listening to Miles Davis' "Kind of Blue" and "Coltrane Live at Birdland," with Charles playing along to the records with his cornett. I was experiencing getting totally stoned for the first time in my life. The music all of a sudden hit me as I had never heard it before. During "Alabama" the tears started running down my face. It was too much to take. I got up and had to leave. But I came back and I never left again. John Coltrane's music and John's beautiful sacrament had played their magic on me. I became a believer.

The Artists' Workshop was opened in November. We presented poetry readings and concerts every Sunday afternoon for free for the community. We had exhibitions, printed books and magazines like crazy, held regular classes in film-making, poetry, jazz, painting, etc. I moved in with John and Charles and his whole band into 4825 John Lodge in January 1965. On June 12, 1965 we were legally married so John wouldn't be in violation of probation because of illegal cohabitation with me. We had a small ceremony in our backyard behind the castle with Charles and the band providing the music, John, George Tysh and Robin Eichele reading poems, and the wedding guests drinking Koolaid.

In late June we went to Berkeley for 2 weeks. John had been invited to read at the now historic Berkeley Poetry Conference as one of four young poets along with Ed Sanders, Ted Berrigan, and Leonore Kandel. We finally met all our great heros: Charles Olson, Robert Creeley, Gary Snyder, Allen Ginsberg, etc. We discovered that they were people like everybody else that one could talk to. We went back home to Detroit full of Energy and inspiration and with renewed faith in what we were doing. On August 15 of that year we ate acid for the first time which reinforced our feelings and made us even stronger. We had just received John Coltrane's "Chim Chim Cherie" and Archie Shepp's "Firemusic" in the mail that morning. We listened to this powerful music all night and fucked, and with the pure and strong sugar cube acid still running thru our veins, we traveled to Chicago the next day with Charles Moore, Dave Sinclair [John's brother], Lyman Woodard and his beautiful old lady. We went to check out the giants of modern music: Cecil Taylor in the afternoon, Archie Shepp and John Coltrane at night, with Archie joining Trane in a historic set which had us down in front hollering and screaming and jumping up and down. Maybe some SEED readers were there and will remember Jimmy Garrison's unforgettable bass solo, where he played his bass like a spanish guitar with sweat and tears running down his face. We went back home, but with the intensity of this moment preserved in us and already to get down to work!

The next day John went out and bought a saxophone to start playing with Charles' band. That evening I was in the music room with a couple of young kids, listening to "Hambone", when all of a sudden the doors were broken down and a bunch of crazed pigs, about 20 of them, came from all over, thru the doors, thru the windows, pointing guns at us and telling us not to make a move while they took the whole house apart, room by room. While this was going on the people at the Committee to End the War in Vietnam down the street from us were having a meeting. When they heard all the noise, they started coming to our place. The pigs called in reinforcement. The new pigs thought the trouble was at the Committee and lined everybody there up against the wall at gun point including some WSU professors.

Everybody at the house was arrested. John and I were placed in one police car together. John was hollering and cursing at the pigs in front until one of the pigs, who later turned out to be Warner Stringfellow, instigator of the whole raid, turns around and says in this fatherly tone of voice "But John, you broke the LAW."

At the arraignment the next morning, John was charged with sale and possession of marijuana, all others with loitering in a place where narcotics were found. The judge: Did you find any narcotics? The testifying pig: No, your Honor. The judge: Then why do you waste my time with this. Charges dismissed. John was placed on $1000—bond and we bailed him out the same day.

This is how John got busted this time: Even before we went to California in June, this creep started hanging around our house. Judging from his appearance and demeanor we thought he was a junkie and tried hard to get rid of him. He'd always ask John for some grass and John always told him to leave. But he'd just come back the next day and hang around some more or call. Our conscience at that time did not include throwing out people physically just because they were fucked up. John had stopped dealing completely after he got busted the first time and we never kept dope around the house at that time. But finally this creep drove John in his own car all across town where John scored an ounce of lemonade and gave it to him. About 3 minutes after he had dropped John off at home, the scene described above took place.

At the preliminary examination the judge found out that John was still on probation raised his bond to $5000, and John went back in the slam. This time John's beautiful parents came to our rescue. They borrowed the money and got John out on bond. We had a beautiful case of entrapment, i.e. an undercover agent causing someone to commit a crime which otherwise would not have been committed. We found a lawyer, who we paid $3000—altogether, who said he would fight the case on the grounds of entrapment. We thought that he was preparing the case, until 2 weeks before the date of the trial he all of a sudden told us that we didn't have a chance and that we had to plead guilty to a lower charge, a common procedure in most marijuana cases. We couldn't find another lawyer in 2 weeks and had to go along with this crook. John was sentenced to 6 months in the Detroit House of Correction and to 3 more years probation.

While John was in jail I tried to keep the workshop going, tried to keep the rent paid for the workshop, the printshop, and the 6 houses on John Lodge that we were managing cooperatively. But I didn't have too much help. Most of the original members of the Workshop had split, or were getting ready to split, to Paris, London, or the west coast. When John got out of jail, on Aug. 5, 1966, we had to do some heavy thinking and reorganizing. Instead of a handfull of beatnik dope fiends who all knew each other there were all of a sudden hundreds of young long-haired kids, exploding on the pages of LOOK and LIFE, who were not afraid to let the world know that they smoked dope and enjoyed it. We realized that the old concept of having a small group of poets and musicians playing and writing for each other, didn't work anymore. We dropped a lot of acid in those days and joined these kids.

The Fifth Estate picked up in circulation, and John started writing for them regularly; we danced to the MC5 every weekend at the Grande Ballroom under the strobe light; Jerry Younkins was practicing and experimenting with his Magic Veil Light Show at the Workshop.

When Plum Street, Detroit's answer to Old Town, started, we moved down there and managed two Fifth Estate Bookstores for 3 months. "Smoke Grass" buttons and bumperstickers and Fugs records sold like crazy down there. As sure as shit draws flies, Plum Street drew representatives from the Detroit Narcotics Bureau. Warner Stringfellow paid us a visit down there by accident (?) and this guy who called himself Louie, complete with long hair and beard and dirty Salvation Army clothes, started hanging around and working voluntarily in various stores like the Skinshop and the Candle Works. He came also to a poetry reading at Wayne State University at which John premiered his long Poem for Warner Stringfellow.

At the end of December 1966 we could not take the tourist business on Plum Street anymore and moved back to our old neighborhood on John Lodge. There we just opened the Workshop to anybody who wanted to use it. We had different things going on every night, readings, concerts, meetings, classes, film-showings, lectures, etc. We put in a juke box, pop corn machine, pop machine and tried to make it a place where kids could come and read and be involved in constructive programs. Around the same time we also started a Detroit LeMar chapter and presented lectures by doctors, lawyers, and had weekly membership meetings. John and Allen Van Newkirk started to edit and publish GURRELLA, a great newspaper/magazine for the Cultural Revolution.

This was the context in which John's third marijuana bust occured. "Louie" followed us from Plum Street and started hanging out at the Workshop all the time and came to almost all our meetings. But that was nothing unusual, as there were many new people around all the time now, that we didn't know and we tried to be friendly and open to all of them. Louie sometimes brought his "girlfriend" Pat, complete with miniskirt and a perpetual smile on her face. They were always eager to help us with our work, be it moving furniture, sweeping the Workshop after a meeting, or collating pages to a book or magazine for long hours into the night. We also started having communal dinners at the workshop every Sunday and Pat and over a month ago and John doesn't even remember if he was in town on that day. John is held in the Wayne County Jail for a week, until some revolutionary young lawyers free him from the clutches of the probation department, who would like to keep Louie once brought a whole bag full of fried chicken and passed it around. Louie gave me the creeps, but Pat always was so open and friendly and helpful. I thought Louie couldn't possibly be a cop, or if he was, Pat must not know about it. Louie asked John for some grass on ocassions, but John always told him he didn't have any, but thanks for helping us out anyway.

Then, on the 24th of January 1967, a bunch of pigs storm our apartment. "We've got your husband downstairs. It's all over now." And they proceeded to search the apartment. They turned up a small amount of grass and arrested me for possession. I was 5 months pregnant at that time. Down at the pig station I see John. And one after the other almost all our friends are brought in. We cheer every time they bring in some body else. This must be a joke. 56 in all are arrested. The headlines the next morning are fantastic: Campus Dope Ring Smashed—Police Traps 56 in Lightening Dope Raid etc. I still have all the clippings. They'll make an important document some day.

John and 12 or 13 others are charged with sale and possession of marijuana. I am charged with possession and released on personal bond. Everybody else is released without charges. At the arraignment, "Louie" turns up as Vahan Kapegian, the same pig who got John the previous time he was busted. Here he is all clean shaven, with short hair, suit and tie, testifying on behalf of the "people" that John gave him 2 marijuana cigarettes on December 22, 1966. That was him there for ever.

My case is finally thrown out by Judge Crockett because of illegal police procedures. Everybody else copped out to a lower charge and got off with probation. John's lawyers entered pretrial motions to dismiss the case. They were denied, of course. They also filed the best brief ever written challenging the marijuana laws with the Michigan Supreme Court. As soon as the decision was made not to hear the brief, John's trial date was set. The rest is also history. John is in Jackson Prison now. The earliest he can be paroled is in 6 years. The Court of Appeals has denied him appeal bond. The prosecutor has said that John Sinclair is too great a threat to society to be let out on bond. The Michigan Supreme Court has not come to a decision on his appeal bond yet. All I can say is that the prosecutor, the judge, Warner Stringfellow and their counterparts all over the country must be a bunch of brainless idiots. Giving John 9½ to 10 years for allegedly possessing 2 joints is a greater threat to their society than 100 John Sinclairs out on the street. John can do the time. I can wait. Soon there'll be two little Sinclairs raising their little fists and saying: All Power to the People! And they'll mean it.

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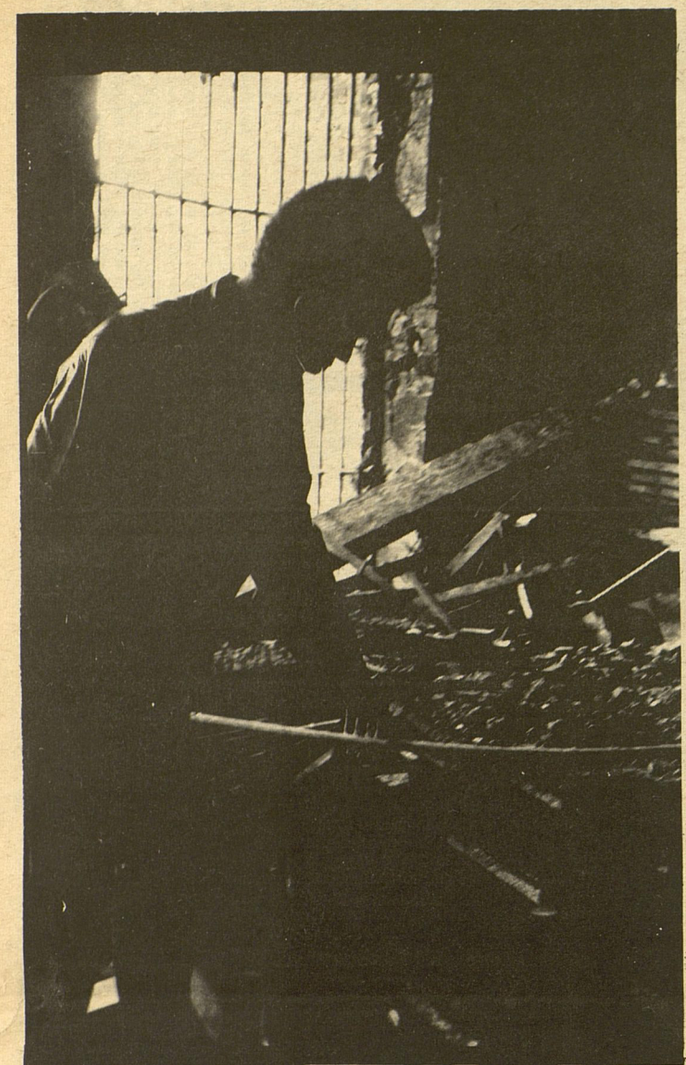

CHIPIGS BUST PANTHERS

"The last time the pigs vamped on us," said the Illinois Deputy Minister of Defense Bobby Rush, referring to the June 3 incident in which Chicago cops and **FBI** agents teamed up to reduce the office **to rub**ble, "we allowed them to do so unchallenged, since this would heighten certain contradictions between the pigs and the community, but this time we drew the line."

At 2:30 a.m., only a few hours after cops had planted dope in a car and busted five Panthers, two uniformed policemen responded to a remark from the Panthers second floor office window with gunfire. The three Panthers present returned the fire for 20 minutes, in a shoot-out which eventually involved more than 200 cops from 25 squad cars. Five cops were wounded, but the cops' gunfire did not hit any of the Panthers.

As the battle began, a fourth Panther jumped from the roof and ran to alert the central staff, which was meeting a few blocks away. Proof of the Panthers' success within the community became evident when a crowd of a thousand angry residents pelted the heavily armed invasion force with rocks and bottles.

For a time, it appeared as if there would be another West Side riot such as the one which set the black ghetto aflame in April 1968. While one contingent of pigs shotgunned the front door, a second group attempted to enter the bullet-riddled office via a ladder at the rear.

The three Panthers, Larry White, 25, Joseph Haymen, 20, and Alvin Jeffrey, 25, surrendered with their "arsenal" of one shotgun, two handguns, and a hunting knife, when the pigs' overkill tactic of firing 12 rifle slugs broke open the front door's single lock.

Soon after the pigs entered the building a fire started, destroying thousands of Panther newspapers and all other propaganda in the office. Typewriters, mimeograph machines, food for the breakfast-for-children program, and supplies for the new free medical clinic were scattered on the floor, and $500 in cash was stolen. Everything in sight was destroyed.

The cops went at the three revolutionaries, who later were taken to the hospital for treatment of "head wounds of an undetermined nature." The three men were charged with assault with intent to kill as well as several misdemeanors.

On the near North Side, a similar scenario unfolded, as pigs broke into the Young Lords church-headquarters, arresting at least one member of the Puerto Rican revolutionary youth group.

The same day also saw the issuing of 15 more indictments against Chicago "street gang" members. The indictments brought to 125 the number indicted by the Cook County grand jury as part of Illinois State Attorney Edward B. Hanrahan's war on "street gang" violence.

At a rally that evening, Bobby Rush spoke of the past week as inspirational. The Panthers saw the shoot-out as a victory, and, from far-off Algeria, the news came that Eldridge and Kathleen Cleaver had given birth to "a revolutionary man in a revolutionary country."

As for the shoot-out, CBS reported it this way: "The police say the Panthers shot first; the Panthers say the police shot first; Civilian witnesses tend to agree with the Panthers."

Drunken Chicago pigs make shambles of Panther regional office. Photos by George B. Eliot. Three days after the bust, the Panthers moved their office and renewed operations.

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Rudd Defends SDS

by Ken Kelley

special to the Argus

BOULDER, Colorado—SDS National Secretary Mark Rudd, at the United States Student Press Associated Conference, stated here that the Black Panther Party is "wrong in their analysis and criticism of SDS."

Rudd was referring to an interview in Allan Coult's "Berkeley Barb" where Panther leaders Bobby Seale and David Hilliard severely criticized SDS, the main thrust of which centered on the SDS National Interim Committee's refusal to accept the Community Control of Police petition adopted at the United Front Against Fascism Conference last month in Oakland, and the NIC's refusal to demand the petition's distribution in white communities.

"The petition does not deal at all with issue of white supremacy, and disregards that whites, because of the ideology of racism and the desire to hold onto their "privileges" are often the oppressors of black people," said Rudd, continuing:

"Community control for whites should mean control by a class-conscious working class, and this is not in the petition."

However, "Big Man" Howard, editor of the Black Panther newspaper, said here that the reason SDS would not circulate the petition in white communities was "because they're afraid of getting their ass kicked by the real fascists in the white communities—they'd have to deal with fascism on a direct level, and they're afraid to do it."

Seale, in the interview, referred to SDS as "a bunch of those jive bourgeois national socialists and those national chauvenists who gonna try and dictate what they're gonna do in the black community."

"SDS is dizzy from success," Seale continued. "They have asserted the right for the revolutionary vanguard of the oppressor country. But the Black Panther Party hasn't endorsed that. We don't see SDS as being so revolutionary. We see SDS as just being another pacification front that's given credit by the fascist establishment in order to cause disfustion in hopes that htis would weaken support for the Black Panther party. . .SDS had better get their politics straight because the Black Panther party is drawing some very clear lines between friends and enemies. And that we're gonna make it very clear that we're not going to be attacked from any of those motherfuckers."

Later in the interview, Hilliard referred to "those little bourgeois, snooty nose" SDSers, threatening that "We'll beat those little sissies, those little schoolboys' ass if they don't try to straighten up their politics. So we want to make it known to SDS and the first motherfucker that gets out of order had better stand in line for some kind of disciplinary actions from the Black Panther party."

"The Panthers have been fed alot of lies by cops," replied Rudd. "We know that for a fact—I'm meeting with Hilliard and Seale later on in the week to talk to them about it—we never said ANYTHING about circulating the petition in the black and brown communities. Hopefully, we can work this thing out, but I really don't think so—the Panthers don't usually back down from a public position. Maybe after our Fall Offensive something can be worked out."

Rudd also answered criticism about the Fall Offensive, scheduled to start with a mass "Bring the War Home" demonstration in Chicago October 11. The Fifth Estate, Detroit's Community Newspaper, had written a letter to Rudd, "after reading about the proposed tactics of the action, we have grave reservations about their usefulness. We feel that rather than clarifying an anti-imperialist perspective, they obscure these politics behind an adventuristic militancy, falsely labelled 'struggle.'"

"Furthermore," the letter continued, "the publicity which has been done around the action has focussed on this militacy rather than on the important politics which the action is supposed to express. People are being told to come to Chicago to 'kick ass,' the politics seem to be merely side-issues. For example, the action on Thursday, which calls for people to 'liberate the high schools' and 'bust our brothers and sisters out of jail,' besides putting people into a questionable confrontation with Chicago pigs, implies that we can 'liverate' those high schools in lieu of the people inside. . .The Friday action to "tear up the fascist courts' is an irresponsible attempt to lead people into a battle which can only prove to be a disaster.

"When we hear local SDS people run down the action, the main theme of their talks turns out to be 'we're not going to Chicago to get our ass kicked, we're going to kick ass!' The emphasis and rhetoric of the leaflets and raps are not only ineffective, they are counter-productive for pushing an anti-imperialist perspective and making people understand the real implications of the war."

"The letter is about 80 or 90 percent correct—it's a good letter," said Rudd. There aer serious errors in the Motor City SDS leaflet, based on a misunderstanding of the offensive. But there aer alot of good SDS Detroit people. And I think alot of the opposition to confrontation is based on a conservatism to 'preserve' the present levels of struggle.

"We're not going to be armed in Chicago, contrary to rumor," he emphasized. "We're obviously not going to bust into the jails and the courtrooms. As for liberating the high schools—we're going to be concentrating on The Loop, a lot of hight school kids are going to join us."

Rudd also said he expects another raid on the SDS National Office in Chicago. We were raided last June, and we weren't armed. The Panther office was raided, only the pigs were met with shotguns. We feel the pigs will think twice about raiding the Panthers again. And if we're prepared, we think they'll think twice about raiding the SDS office."

"Do you have some guns," someone asked. Rudd smiled. "I wouldn't have made the statement if we were not."

Krasny Concedes!

by Ken Kelley

In an unprecendented move, Ann Arbor Police Chief Walter Krasny conceded defeat to the street people. Addressing the Chamber of Comerce, looking pale and pruny after his worries in the city's latest Long Hot Summer, Krasny said: "As long as they [the street people] keep nipping away at the Police Department, breaking our spirit, breaking our morale, driving us into the ground, they're going to win."

White Panther officials were out of town and not immediately available for comment, but Argus learned that a renewed drive, aimed specifically at spiritbreaking, moralebreaking, and shovel manipulation were at least in the blueprint stage. One source, who wished to remain anonymous because he is a police officer who is in charge of community relations and often serves as a "liaison" between police and the community, said "yep—I seen 'em in action, and all I'm doing is biding my time until I can retire to my plot of land up north and raise my two cows with my brother", referring to street people.

In a more serious vein, Krasny, in his own inimitable neo-Cromwellian style, commented on the dangers of a police force controlled at the ward level, as advocated by the recent United Front Against Fascism Conference: "This threat should not be taken lightly. The issue just might be placed on the ballot, and with the way people go to the polls, no one can guarantee the outcome." Thus Krasny once moer scorns the very hand that bites him.

Krasny, from all reports, was not alone in his pessemism. City administrator Guy Larcom, a French-Canadian transplanted half-breed who calls himself "city administrator", cited the real problem as he saw it: "The real problem, as I see it, is you have a large mass of youth in this and other cities, attracted by the freedom and excesses of a minority." He turther stated that Ann Arbor had met the summer's "testing situation" in two ways: "We set up legitimate boundaries on behavior, without starting a reaction by the law-abiding mass [thus he correctly equates law-abiding masses with reactionaries], and by furnishing new outlets for youth such as the series of rock concerts." Of course he playfully overlooks two facts: the rampant reactionary action of the law-abiding mass, evidenced by last month's march to city hall by American Legionettes and their husbands, and the fact that organizing by the White Panthers and the petition drive by the city's youth was soley responsible for the rock concerts. Larcom and his cohort Mayor Harris, in fact, have tried unsuccessfully to stop the concerts, by putting jive bogus "decibla limits" on the musicians, and by filling the parks so full of city cops that you can't even light a joint without the danger of igniting a police helmet.

Larcom referred to the Ann Arbor Police Department's work on South U as a "magnificent job," but added that "citizens must realize you can't regulate groups out of existence. . .The police have to try to enforce law and order without losing the respect of the kids."

Then old lib and retired city attorney Peter Forsythe joined the act at the CofC meeting: "We're kidding ourselves if we think the tensions and outbreaks are gone," adding that he agreed with Krasny that "this fall will be one of the most difficult ones seen by local citizens, with the certain groups around that want to see parts of city-government destroyed."

"Too often we oversimplify the problems of carrying out the letter of the law and order we seek," said Forsythe, in obvious reference to his and Hog Harvey's inability to prove their cases against the youthful "rioters."

Krasny, in a question-answer session with some of the Commercial Chamberboys, said he's expecting "different kids of demonstrations than we've seen in the past."

"Some of our officers have found Modotov cocktails and mentioned reports that ammunition for such weapons as deer rifles is selling rapidly [as the deer menace goes literally unchecked]. If they carry out their threats, the effect could be disastrous to this community.

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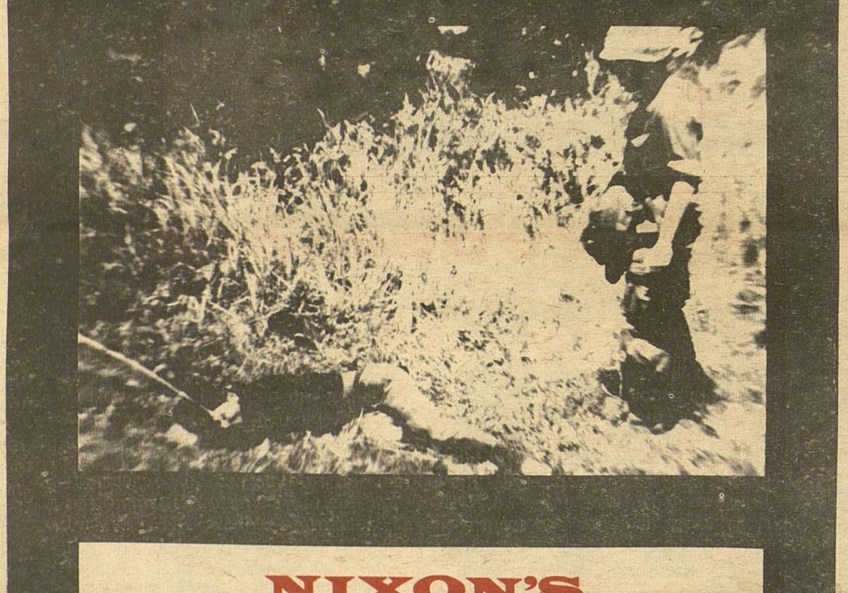

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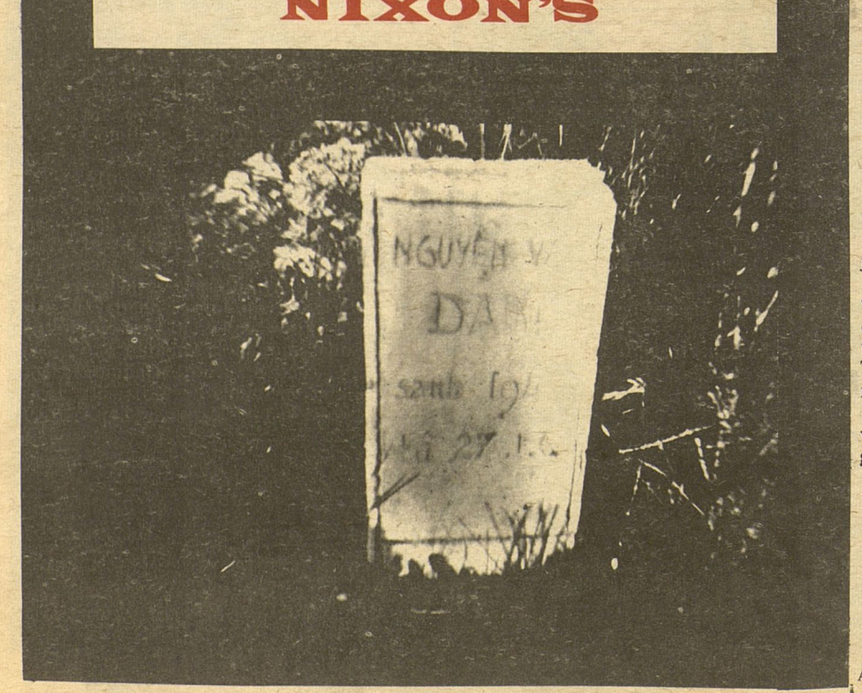

Letter From Vietnam

To the Argus

I have returned from a year's 'tour' of Vietnam. It's hard for us to admi it to ourselves, but we were not proud soldiers, we are white mercenaries in the eyes of the Vietnamese.

Suffice it to say, I went through the whole bar room brawl that consti tutes training in the U.S. Army-basic training and medic training. When I go my orders for Vietnam, I went to the base commander and demanded an au thorized letter from the army exempting me from offensive combat search and destroy duty. I told him that I would be happy to serve our purpose over there in assisting the Vietnamese by treating napalmed babies, civilians and others in a hospital, but I would not go out on search and destroy operations.

They thought I was some sort of nut telling them what I was going to do. I simply told them what I would not do, that I was sincere, and that I thought it would be a terrible waste of 'training' and time if I didn't show up at Travis AFB for departure to Vietnam after my two week leave was up.

Well, I guess they decided not to take any chances so I was assigned to logistics before I went, which meant work in a hospital.

I arrived in Nam in Feb. of 1967 at Bien Hoa. No brass bands to welcome us, no smiling Vietnamese faces to greet us.

You know, My father told me about, and I'm sure you've seen movies of the liberation of Europe from the Nazis—how the people came into the streets to welcome the Americans—the girls kissing the soldiers—the tears of joy!

Well, let me tell you that no Vietnamese peasant ever came to us when we entered his village to thank us for what we were doing. The people didn't stand in the streets and cheer after we rocketed and machine-gunned the town of Cu Chi, 20 miles west of Saigon, during Tet on Feb. 3, 1968. There were no tears of joy and thanks in the eyes of those people, believe me. I was there.

Let me tell you more about the American fiasco that is Vietnam. We went into that town to 'pacify' the villagers—so the army told us. It looks good on TV when you see American doctors 'helping' the people. But we

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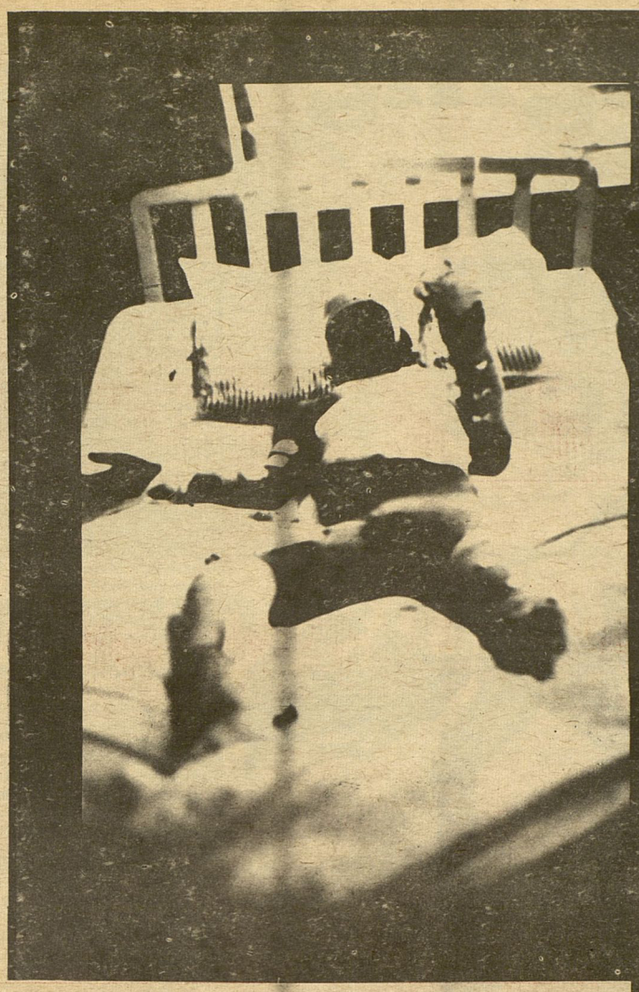

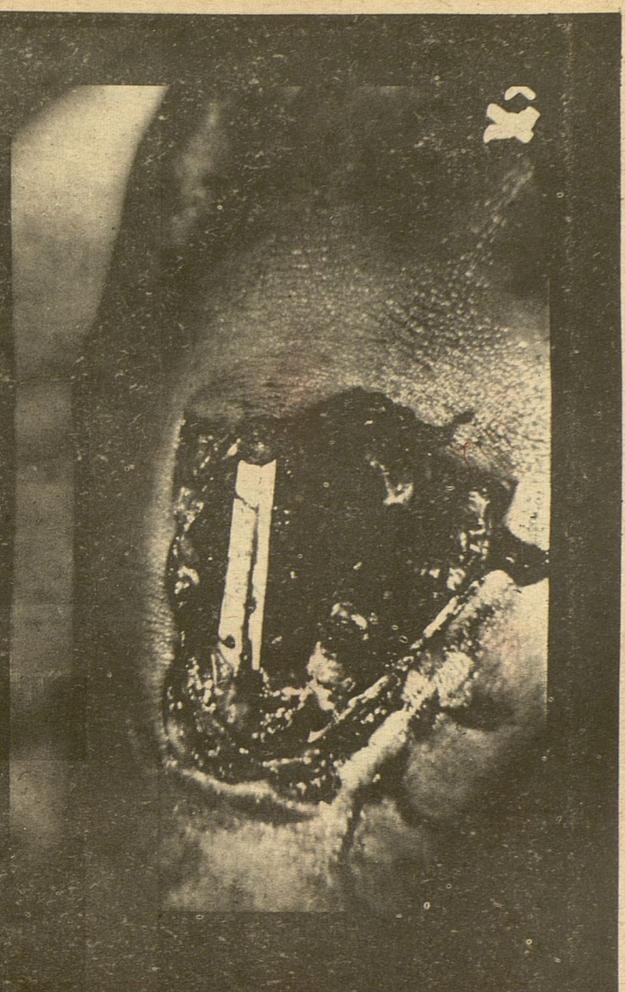

must face it. The peasants must come to us for medical aid and then can't understand why they don't cooperate. We throw the medicine in their face. It is the most perverse doctor–patient relationship you could imagine.

How could I expect any respect from those people. How could I look into the eyes of their women and expect a smile in return? Young girls don't come into the street to thank us for saving their country. I'm sure all this is not news to you. She sends her four-year old brother into the street to pimp for her so she can support her family–and the U.S. Army is the biggest costomer. I couldn't avoid getting 30 offers on a Saigon street in one day! Face it. The average Vietnamese has no respect for American soldiers. If they had the nerve to send me over there again–it's off to Canada for me, baby.

We must tell Ho Chi Mihn and the world that we will unconditionally withdraw all of our troops as of this moment. This may take up to a year to do. The North will accept and stop the fighting to give us a chance to leave, and the Vietnamese will then determine their own political future. If they rally to Uncle Ho, that's fine with me. If they want Thieu or Ky, that's fine also. If it requires bloodshed they can get guns and fight for their own God-damn freedom!

The American youth deserve something better than mercenary in the U.S. Army. The Vietnamese deserve something better than that also. I was lucky. I got shot at once and our base camp was mortared and rocketed many times. I got a chance to make friendships among the Vietnamese; but for every friend I made, there always some American getting into a fight with a peasant, an obscene word directed to a Vietnamese child and a thousand other instances of racial friction among blacks, whites and yellows. It's sickening. Vietnam is an American fiasco. Built and run by the Americans–troops, logistics, the whole works.

I tell this to anyone who may ask. I have tape-recordings of atrocities committed on both sides. I'm not afraid to stand on street corners and tell this story. Believe me, it's NO story, –Resist. There are better ways to serve mankind.

Peace

Michael Norman

DIVERSIONS

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bringing the boys back

NEW YORK [LNS] – After 36 hours of plane travel from Hanoi to Vientiane to Bangkok to Zurich to New York, three American Navy men who had been captured by the North Vietnamese, and the seven anti-war activists asked by the Democratic Republic ov Vietnam [DRV] to accompany them, landed at Kennedy International Airport, August 7.

Half an hour before the huge TWA jet with an American flag on its rudder finally arrived, the Pentagon held a news conference First, an Air Force colonel in full regalia talked about the released men.

The three are: Lt. Robert Frishman, 28, who was shot down on a bombing mission over the North; Capt. Wesley Rumble, 26, who was shot down in a F-4D bomber over the DRV; and Seaman Douglas Hegdahl, who fell overboard from the USS Canberra off the coast of North Vietnam, and was rescued by North Vietnamese fishermen. The U.S. calls the men POWs, prisoners of war. The Vietnamese consider them to be war criminals.

At the press conference, the colonel and his friends never even mentioned the seven movement people in whose trust the prisoners were released. The Assistant Deputy Secretary of Defense for Public Relations, Richard Capen, Jr., read a statement from Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird attacking the release as "propaganda-planned."

"They left this country in uniform, and that's how they want to come back to this country," Capen boasted, despite the insistence of the movement people that the Norht Vietnamese did not want the men to be "recaptured" by the military after their release.

In fact, when the men and their anti-war escort reached Vientiane, Loas, the first stop after North Vietnam, a contingent of military and State Department officials boarded their plane and followed them doggedly thoughout the trip. It was the military men who provided Frishman, Hegdahl, and Rumble with the fresh uniforms they were wearing when they finally appeared at the door of the TWA jet.

Frishman and Hegdahl [Rumble had a bad back and was not permitted to speak] were hustled up onto the Pentagon-prepared platform, along with their families who had come to meet them. Lt. Frishman acted as spokesman. One arm hanging stiffly at his side, and looking thin but very happy, Frishman began by noting that Vietnamese doctors had saved his arm by operating on it immediately after his capture. He said that his treatment had been good; that food, clothing and shelter in the prison had been adequate; that he was glad to be back.

"Look, I'm real tired," he said, looking at his wife. Then he and Hegdahl were taken to an army medical evacuation plane and flown off for hospital observation.

But where were the others–Rennie Davis of the National Mobilization; Linda Evans of SDS; Grace Paley, Greenwich Village writer and pacifist; James Johnson, one of the first GIs to refuse to fight in Vietnam, who spent 28 months in the stockade; and three Newsreel photographers, Robert Kramer, Norm Fruchter and John Douglas–the people in whose custody the Vietnamese had placed the prisoners?

They had been hustled off the plane just before the pilots by a cluster of State Department officials, Pentagon men, Customs officials and New York City cops. While the released pilots were speaking, Rennie Davis [as spokesman for the movement group] was arguing fruitlessly with a cop. Rennie demanded that they be allowed to appear with the released men, and to introduce them. That had been the agreement between the Vietnamese and the Americans; the release was planned by North Vietnamese, in part, as an expression of solidarity with the American anti-war movement. But the Pentagon took over the whole show by force.

The seven American movement people were shunted over to the Customs line, jammed as usual, to wait in turn for an inspection of their passports and baggage. Half an hour after the pilots had been flown off by the Pentagon, Rennie and his friends were still waiting to be processed by Customs.

The Customs officials turned out to be just as inspired by U.S. foreign policy as the military; they used every means available to hassle the movement people. They refused to let large amounts of literature–material prepared by the Democratic Republic of Vietnam to explain its position on the war and world affairs–into the land of the free.

Then they came across the 12,000 feet of movie film that Newsreel had shot during the 16 days the seven spent in North Vietnam. The Customs inspector insisted, that the film [manufactured in the U.S., but of course shot in the DRV] be turned over to the government for its perusal.

The movement people were sure that they would never see the film again, or if they did, it would be rendered useless. They kept it out of government hands, but couldn't bring it into the country right away. At present, Newsreel's film is being held by TWA pending further developments.

The hundred-odd newsmen who had come to report on the prisoners release agreed to a news conference with the seven activists–though it was an hour and a half after the brass's press show. The reporters had waited in the air-conditioned press room at Kennedy while the movement people hassled it out with Customs.

Finally, just as they finished with the immigration pigs, a new snag occurred–the cops were refusing to permit Newsreel photographers to enter the press room. "They haven't got valid police press passes," said a cop. So a tired ABC-TV reporter got up. "They tell me they [the movement people] aren't going to talk with us unless we let the underground press inside here. Do we let 'em in?" he asked in a condescending, bored tone.

"Right on! Right on!" shouted the several radical newsmen who did have police press passes and were inside the room. The rest of the press smiled, and nodded their heads and in front of glaring TV lights and live-action color cameras, the press conference began.

Rennie Davis spoke for 20 minutes about the trip, which took them from Hanoi in the north, all the way down south across the North Vietnamese panhandle, the heart of the country, to the Ben Hai River, down near the DMZ–the dividing line with South Vietnam.

He described the total destruction–not a single concrete or brick structure left standing in the entire area between the 20th and the 17th parrallels, and he told how 80% of the thatched houses in the area had been rebuilf recently. They too had been a target for American bombing. He said that as they traveled along some 500 miles of North Vietnamese reads, they saw bomb craters every three feet, amounting to millions of craters in all.

In short, Davis observed that the American military policy in the North has been one of devastation; but in spite of the devastation, the Vietnamese are surviving, sure of eventual inevitable victory.

Commenting on their treatment at U.S. Customs, Rennie claimed that the "spirit of the release" was repeatedly violated by the U.S. government.

Customs had even opened up 50 letters which had been brought back by the movement activists–letters written to their families by men who are still prisoners of the North. The officials carefully wrote down the name of each man who had written a letter.

Finally, a reporter took note of Rennie's shoes–sandals made out of the tires of downed American airplanes. "The war has been made to serve the revolution in a way," Rennie said. "Bomb cannisters are made into flower pots, the tires of F-105s into sandals, and pieces of planes into friendship rings distributed around the world and worn to show solidarity with the Vietnamese."

Linda Evans of SDS made the next statement:

"WE believe the Vietnamese people *should* win." We're on their side. All the peoples of the world should be free from aggression, and the U.S. is an aggressor. Since we want them to win, we will do everything we can to help them. American soldiers in Vietnam are being tricked into fighting. By supporting the DRV, the NLF and the new Provisional Revolutionary Government we can help bring the GIs home.

"Thirteen-year-olds in Vietnam have shot down American planes. They are an inspiration to the movement of young people in America, in our fight.

"We are sure the Vietnamese will win; they should win, and they will. To make that clear, we in SDS are holding a national action Oct. 8-11 to support self-determination for peoples everywhere, black people in America as well as the Vietnamese. We want to show our total support for the black liberation struggle, the NLF, the DRV, and the Conspiracy Eight.

"We think that the war will really end only when we bring the war home to America."

Jimmy Johnson, black ex-GI and one of the Fort Hood Three, expressed his enthusiasm for a people who are fighting the greatest technological power the world has ever known. "The U.S. tried to use Vietnam to show that it could crush national liberation movements everywhere. The people of Vietnam are showing the U.S. that national liber-

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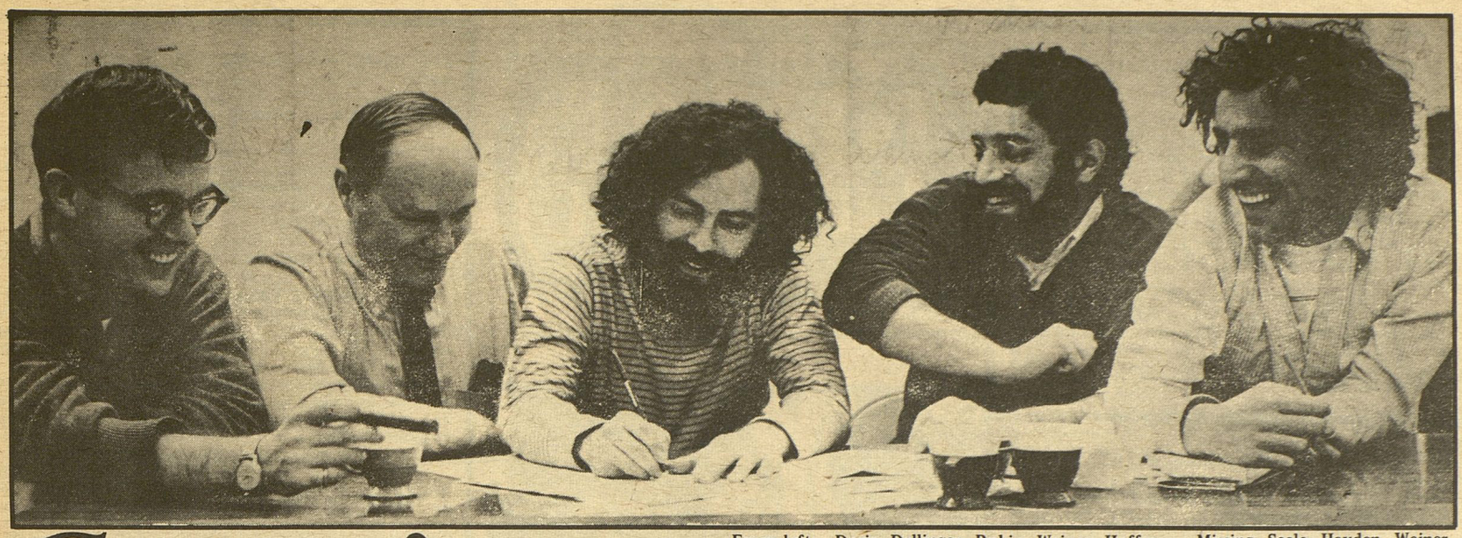


From left: Davis, Dellinger, Rubin, Weiner, Hoffman. Missing, Seale, Hayden, Weiner.

Conspiracy

Chicago [LNS]—The coercive machinery of nationwide political repression is high-powered and well-tooled. The use of laws which blatantly restrict the basic percepts of Constitutional democracy—teh abstract freedoms of speech, press and assembly—is constantly growing.

While a frame-up on non-political charges [from possession of marijuana to trespassing] is still the most frequent form of repression the government is now turning to more direct methods of silencing its opposition.

The anti-riot section of the 1968 Civil Rights Act permits the federal government to throw any radical or movement organizer into jail for five years if he so much as discusses a planned demonstration or rally with two or more people.

As Argus went to press, it was learned that the three present leaders of the Trans-Love Commune/White Panther Party were busted in Hackensack, New Jersey. Details are unclear, but Magdalene Sinclair, wife of John, and Pun and Genie Plamondon, Minister of Defense and Corresponding Secretary respectively, were being held in the New Jersey jail for possession of dope and knives. Efforts to get in touch with Movement Defender William Kunstler were underway.

Plamondon is already charged with a bogus dope rap in his native Traverse City, Mich., and was out on bond pending the trial sometime in September. The bust of course comes only two weeks after John Sinclair was sent to prison for possession.

And in the latest development on Brother John, Gus Harrison, Director of the Michigan Board of Corrections, has remanded him to Marquette State Prison from Jackson State Prison. The attempt was an obvious move to put John as far away as possible—Marquette is the "end of the line" in the Michigan prison system—maximum security, with heavy censorship and confinement on activities. Harrison singled John out specifically, as he was in Jackson only 15 days. Normally there is a 45-day "quarantine" period.

"This is for Mr. Sinclair's benefit as well as ours—we don't want anything to happen to him," snickered Gus.

In its first run, the government is trying to pin the responsibility for the police riot in Chicago during last August's Democratic Convention on the shoulders of eight "key" movement people—Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger, John Fronines, Tom Hayden, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale and Lee Weiner. If convicted, the eight men face up to ten years in jail and up to $20,000 per defendant in fines.

The conspirators make rather strange bedfellows, representing widely different points of view within the movement. Three of the men were leaders of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, a coalition of radicals and liberals which called for large demonstrations outside the convention. They are: Dave Dellinger, whose pacifist ideology put him in jail during World War II; Tom Hayden, one of the leaders at the Port Huron Conference which founded SDS seven years ago, though he hasn't been active inside SDS in recent times; and Rennie Davis, an urban-community organizer.

The chief promoters of the Yippie media myth, Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, are perhaps more glamorous defendants than the Mobe organizers. Abbie and Jerry are the personification of everything Chicago's Mayor Daley finds disgusting. They devote most of their energies to no-holds-barred spur-of-the-moment theater—street theater in the streets and theater of the absurd in Congressional committee meetings—a tactic which obviously disturbs the government even though it does not involve a disciplined revolutionary organization.

John Froines and Lee Weiner are university radicals. John is an assistant professor of chemistry at the University of Oregon and Lee is a research assistant at Northwestern University in Chicago. While the government's attack on Froines and Weiner is somewhat mysterious because they are so much more obscure than the other defendants, certainly the most amazing indictment is that of Black Panther Party Chairman Bobby Seale. The illegitimacy of Seal's indictment is even clearer considering the fact that he spent less than four hours in Chicago during Convention Week—to deliver two speeches, which bore no clear relation to any other action.

In order to keep the offensive, the eight "conspirators" have set up an office in Chicago under the name of The Conspiracy. They do not plan to sit quietly until their trial starts on or about September 24. So far the Conspiracy's lawyers—Charles Garry, Bill Kunstler, Lennie Weinglass, Mike Tigar, Mike Kennedy and Jerry Lefcourt—have conducted a fruitless campaign of court motions to force some semblance of due process out of the U.S. government.

The presiding judge assigned to the Conspiracy trial is Judge Julius Hoffman, often called Mr. Magoo for his startling resemblance to the General Electric Company's near-sighted mascot. Judge Magoo is 74 years old and many Conspiracy staff members are making bets that he won't live past the trial. His wife is a major stock-holder in a corporation which makes gadgets for the Vietnam war, and, not surprisingly, he has a record of giving draft resisters and other "subversives" the harshest penalties permitted by law.

After three costly delays, Magoo decided not to rule on a defense motion for the release of illegal wiretap records the government readily admits to having. The reason? The motion was of such a heavy nature that Magoo felt he could not possibly rule on it until *after* the trial was over. Conspirator Abbie Hoffman retaliated with a claim that he is Judge Hoffman's illegitimate nephew, but Magoo was unmoved.

Another figure in the kangaroo court is the prosecutor, U.S. District Attorney Thomas Foran, a Democrat who suddenly start-

[Continued on page 15]

FORT HOOD, Texas [LNS]—Bruce "Gypsy" Peterson, founding editor of the Fatigue Press, may walk out of Fort Leavenworth a free man this fall.

Gypsy has spent the last year at Leavenworth, where he is serving a six year sentence imposed on him by an Army court martial for possession of a "microscopic amount" of marijuana.

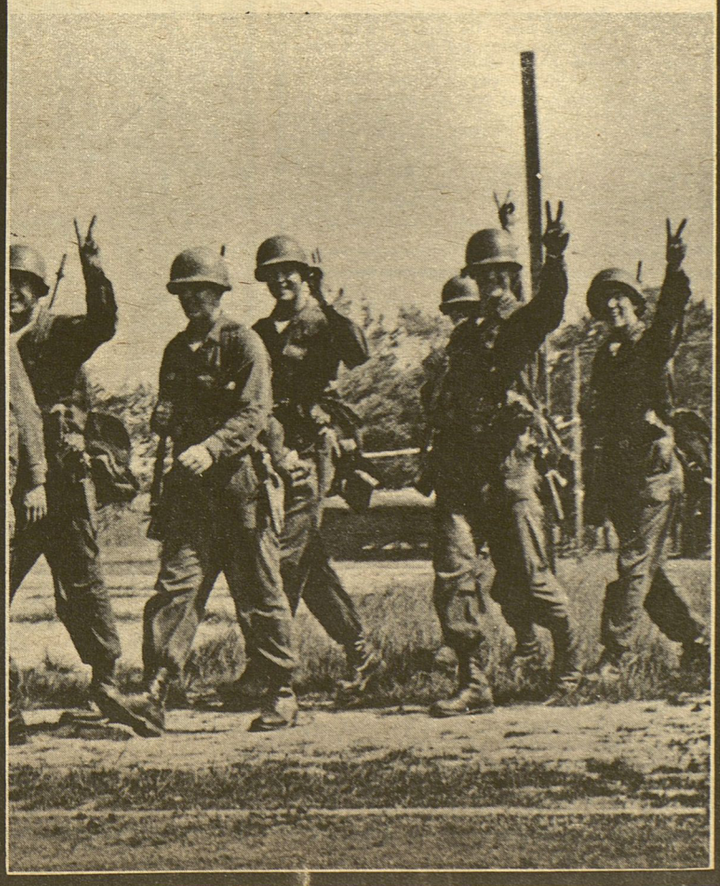
His frineds say that Gypsy's "trial for drug possession by the Army is to silence an effective voice of resistence within its ranks."

Now, however, Michael Kennedy, Gypsy's attorney, believes that there are legal grounds on which to challenge the Army's action. An appeal filed by Kennedy notes that the military may not try a man for a "civilian offense" for which civilian authorities cannot try him—Gypsy was arrested by civilian police off base. Further, the sentence constitutes "cruel and unusual punishment," since the most severe sentences meted out by the military for possession of marijuana have been one year.

Kennedy contends that the Army failed to introduce evidence that Gypsy's conduct had been "prejudicial to the good order and discipline within the armed forces," the technical point on which he was convicted.

Since the amounts of marijuana allegedly found were of such microscopic quantity, no one could have been aware of their existence or made use of them had they known they were there. Since no one knew of them, no one could have been incited to acts "prejudicial to good order and discipline." Furthermore, since the amounts allegedly found were so small, no one could have committed any acts "prejudicial to good order and discipline" while under their influence.

Obedience



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ADVERTISING: THE CASE FOR CHILD-MOLESTING

MADISON AVENUE [LNS]—The license with which American business violates the tender conscience of the merest infant is wellknown and much be-moaned. But even the jaded may be surprised to learn that Viking Carpets, Inc., has launched an advertising campaign directed at toddlers. Last April 21, Viking sponsored a one-shot NBC production of "Babar the Elephant," which tells the story of Babar and Celeste, his bride, and their pollyanna kingdom. How to get the tots into carpets?

Viking produced a million Babar coloring books that were available only through Viking dealers, and Viking hopes that kids would pester their mothers until a showroom visit would take place. Viking was right. Only 20% of the 28-page books are left in inventory. Crayon freaks better hurry.

SUPERSECRET FIREFLY IN NEW MEXICO

LOS ALAMOS, N.M. [LNS]—Nobody is saying anything about the super-secret Air Force project called "Firefly", except that it is a twenty-foot long drone aircraft used as a target for other planes.

A Firefly made an emergency landing "in full view of Los Alamos" residents recently, reports the Associated Press, and "Strict security immediately went into effect."

Almost two years ago, a news release from the White Sands testing grounds 150 miles from Los Alamos "inadvertently" mentioned a topsecret Firefly project. Since then the Air Force has completely clammed up about it, except to tersely admit—after the drone was seen descending—that "This is Firefly."

As A.P. put it, "The question of what Firefly is, what it was doing 150 miles from White Sands, and why such secrecy over a simple target drone, remains unanswered."

VIGILANTES WAGE TERRORISM CAMPAIGN IN HOUSTON

By Thorne Dreyer

HOUSTON [LNS]—A bomb exploded in the office of Houston's new left bi-weekly tabloid, Space City News, early Saturday, July 26. Damage was minor, although one staff member barely escaped injury.

The bombing is believed to be the work of right wing vigilantes, probably belonging to the Ku Klux Klan.

The bomb, a home made device, was apparently intended only as a warning. It caused no real damage, although windows in three rooms were shattered. Immediately after the bombing someone called on the telephone and said: "You're gonna be dead motherfuckers if you don't quit messing around."

Two persons were in the office at the time of the bombing. A 26-year-old chemical plant worker associated with the paper saw the man who threw the bomb and gave chase. As he ran through the front door, the device exploded behind him. The bomber jumped into a car parked around the corner and sped away. The car's license plates were covered with cloth.

Right wing terrorist activity is common-place in Houston: white radicals, black militants and even local liberals have had their homes and cars shot up many times in the past. Previously, harassment was occasional and scattered, but within the last few weeks it has become more organized and concentrated. Right wind elements, with what appears to be tacit support of the police, are waging a systematic campaign to drive from Houston all leftists, especially those who have worked within or supported the black liberation struggle.

BLACK DRAFT RESISTER IS SENTENCED

NEW ORLEANS [LNS]—Walter Collins, a black civil rights and anti-poverty activist, has been ordered to spend five years in jail and was fined $500 for refusing induction into the Armed Forces.

Collins, 24, was convicted on five counts of draft refusal. U.S. District Court Judge Edward Boyle, sitting in a corwded courtroom, ordered the maximum sentence on each charge—five years—to be served concurrently.

Collins received a total of six induction notices. His attorney, Benjamin Smith, argued that Collins could refuse induction only once. Smith said that the draft board persisted in sending him notices in order to persecute him because of his political activity—which included leafletting at his place of induction.

Collins has been active in the Southern freedom movement since he helped organize the early sit-ins to desegregate public accomodations in Louisiana. He worked with SNCC voter registration drives in Mississippi and Louisiana from 1964 to 1966. Most recently he has been active in anti-war work, with SNCC projects in New Orleans and with the Southern Conference Education Fund [SCEF] project in Laurel, Miss.

After he was sentenced, Collins said: "If I am guilty of a crime, it is the crime of thinking. The draft is a totalitarian instrument used to practice genocide against black people. Poor and working class people are drafted to fight, not for American ideals, but for the interests of a few capitalists who control this country."

An appeal is planned.

EAD

Sculpture: Homer T. Hurst Jr.

Compiled from LNS and Underground Wire Services

THE SHOW MUST GO ON: SOUTH AFRICAN TIDBITS

by African Research Group

Since 1963, Frank Sinatra Jr., has performed together with Lottie Jones, a black singer. For a three-week supper-club tour of Southern Africa in June, however, he obligingly went without her so as to comply with apartheid regulations.

"It was very sad leaving her behind for the first time," he said, "But we must abide by the laws of the country."

Meanwhile South African police have begun parachuting German Shepherds trained as killers into areas where freedom fighters are suspected—areas occupied exclusively by blacks, of course. Several children have been reported killed by the dogs.

And when the Chinese learned the radio frequencies used for air-to-ground relays on the first Gemini flights and allegedly disrupted them during launching and splashdown, NASA officials solved the problem by rerouting the circuit through Johannesburg.

On their recent visit to Canton, Ohio, the South African Ambassador and Mrs. Harold L.T. Taswell were given the key to the city by Mayor Stanely A. Crich. The gesture was undoubtedly only a small part of the hospitality arranged for them by their host, Felix N. Manager, President and Chairman of the Hoover Co. [vacuum cleaners] of Canton, which also operates a plant in Johannesburg.

WOMEN AGAINST THE WAR

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS]—Five women who had been arrested at the White House gate on July 11 were acquitted on technical grounds after spending five days in jail. They had been waiting for a response to their telegram and two letters asking for an appointment with the President.

They are: Mildred Fitting, 35, New Hope, Pa.; Elizabeth Meeks, 51, Detroit, Mich.; Joan Francis, 20, St. Paul, Minn.; Alice Raymond, 63, Dixon, Ill.; Stuyvesant Eagle, 19, Beloit, Wisc.

The message these women want to bring the President is a statement of opposition to the U.S. aggression in Vietnam and U.S. foreign policy in general.

A spokesman for the group said, "President Nixon has surrounded himself with men whose opinions make a favorable backdrop for his ineffective efforts for peace. Mr. Nixon is abailable to his cabinet members and their employees: the military has his ear; in fact, the one voice that does not get through to the President is that of his employers, the citizens of the United States of America."

On July 1, five Wisconsin women were arrested at the White House for waiting for an appointment with the President. Four of these women spent ten days in jail, fasting; one was released on bond after three days. The second group of women also fasted for the five days they were held in the Women's Detention Center.

NARCS TEAM UP WITH CHEMISTS

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS]—The nation's top cop, Attorney General John N. Mitchell recently announced a new plan to place modern chemical science at the disposal of his team of narcos.

Under the plan, five federally-operated laboratories have been set up to aid state and local police in analyzing drugs obtained on the "illicit market."

John E. Ingersoll, director of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs [BNDD], said that the laboratories would have the latest equipment and would be staffed by "scientists especially qualified to analyze the multitude of dangerous drugs and substances submitted by agents of the Bureau" and other cops. He added that "bureau chemists are available for testimony in criminal prosecutions related to narcotic and drug cases."

The laboratory system will be under the direction of John W. Gunn, Jr., a chemist and former FBI agent.

The chemo-narcos already have their own publication, a bi-monthly called Microgram, which contains scientific data of particular value to police chemists.

The BNDD narc lab serving the readers of the Midwest is located in Chicago. If you want to tell the chief chemist, Jerry Nelson, what you think of him, you can call him at [312] 353-3640. Or write: BNDD Regional Lab, Room 726, New Post Office Bldg., 433 W. Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill. 60607.

QUOTATIONS FROM MAYOR DALEY

"Gentlemen, get the thing straight once and for all—the policeman isn't there to create disorder, the policeman is there to preserve disorder."

"They have villified me, they have crucified me, yes, they have even critcized me."

"Together we must rise to even higher and higher platitudes."

"for the enlightenment and edification and hallucination of the alderman from the 50th Ward."—from Quotations from Mayor Daley. By Peter Yessne.

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MOZAMBIQUE FIGHTS ON

DAKAR, Senegal [LNS]—"The struggle of our people for their liberation for more than five years is now at its highest stage," said Marcelino dos Santos, political secretary of the Mozambique Liberation Front [FRELIMO].

"The departure of Salazar," said Dos Santos, "does not mean any substantial change. Today we are fighting in two-thirds of the national territory, one-fifth of which has already been liberated," he said in an address to the coordinating committee of the Organization for African Unity.

Neither the assassination of FRELIMO leader Eduardo Mondlane, nor the propaganda of colonialist Portugal and the West [The New York Times recently ran a series of articles which clearly supported Portuguese colonial rule over Mozambique and Angola] can stop the struggle.

"Our troops," reported Dos Santos, "have increased their ranks to 10,000 men. At this decisive moment, we need the political and material support of the independent African states more than ever before.

WHO SAYS THERE AIN'T A RULING CLASS?

NEW YORK [LNS]—The Farmers Home Administration, an official agency of the U.S. government, has decided to use funds of the U.S. Treasury to back up a $265,000 loan to the all-white Natchez Trace Golf Club in Lee County, Mississippi. The club is in the district of Rep. Jamie L. Whitten [Democrat], whose subcommittee controls the agency's budget. If the club doesn't manage to pay back the loan, Uncle Sam is obliged to cover the remaining debt. According to The Wall Street Journal, the club's application indicated that the terms of the guarantee would be unusually generous, better than for most of the 500 golf courses financed by the government since 1962.

LEGIONNAIRES DISRESPECT FLAG

CHICAGO [LNS]—The American Legion's got no respect for our flag.

When the Rev. Jack Burr told the Sergeant-at-Arms at the American Legion Convention in Chicago's Palmer House recently that the legionnaires were desecrating the flag, the answer was a cocked fist and a warning to get out.

Burr had noted that a Legion booklet entitled "Know Your America: A Study Guide for Americanism" says: "no disrespect shall be shown to the flag of the U.S.A. The flag should never be used as drapery of any sort whatsoever; never festooned, drawn back, nor up, or in folds, but always allowed to fall free."

What Burr did was point out that the arch above the speakers' platform in the Palmer House was composed of seven Old Glories folded and pinned in a scalloped formation.

ADMEN ENLISTED TO RECRUIT COPS

SAN FRANCISCO [LNS]—Ad agencies, businessmen and the media have banded together to help the San Francisco Police Department in a zippy recruiting campaign.

"Be a cop," is the theme of the ad scheme, which is aiming at filling 73 vacancies. The "hard-hitting" appeal is designed to convince young men that being a cop is a good thing.

There will be 100 billboards, 1000 displays in busses and trolleys, and space in the West Coast edition of Time magazine. This "public service" campaign is sponsored by the Downtown Association of San Francisco and the McCann-Erickson, Inc., advertising agency.

A similar recruiting campaign by the Berkeley police is directed at college students. A Berkeley recruitment poster invites students to join the force there, likening it to a "domestic Peace Corps."

PRINTERS SUPPORT THE UNDERGROUND

PORT WASHINGTON, Wisc. [LNS]—The publishing firm which prints the Milwaukee Kaleidoscope, the Chicago Seed and the Stephens Point [Wisc.] Counterpoint is under pressure to stop printing the papers.

The head of the firm, William F. Schanen, Jr., has so far affirmed that he will not yeild to pressure. "Kaleidoscope is a newspaper of journalistic and literary merit," he said. Kaleidoscope, which circulates locally, is the main source of discontent.] Specifically, eight firms have notified Port Publications, Schanen's firm, that they would discontinue advertising in three commercial weeklies published by the firm.

A campaign to persuade businessmen to withdraw their ads was begun by Benjamin Grob, 68, president of Grob Inc., manufactureer of machine tools. Grob is a member of the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade.

William F. Schanen III, 27, said that objections to the papers—particularly the Kaleidoscope—were due to the paper's "political implications."

Letters of support can be sent to the Schanens at Port Publications, Port Washington, Wisc.

LINES

HIPPIES ARRESTED AND DEPORTED FROM MUSHROOM LAND

MEXICO CITY [LNS]—In an effort to keep Mexican and foreign hippies away from the psilocybin mushrooms which grow in the state of Oaxaca, Mexico, repressive measures have been adopted.

The office of the Mexican Attorney General and the Mexican Department of Defense made what spokesmen here claimed to be only the first of 2000 arrests of undesirable "vagrants and people with bad health habits."

The first raids, which yielded about 250 hippies, were executed by helicopter during the peak of the rainy season in the rugged two-mile high mountains of the Oaxaca area, a few hundred miles south of the capitol city.

In a country where leftist student political leaders have been in jail without trial for almost a year, the Mexican hippies arrested were quickly sent to their homes by bus. Most of the Mexicans arrested live in Mexico City. The foreign hippies are being held in jail until they are deported by air to the United States as undesirable visitors.

In the past few years the Mexican government has developed a pattern of suddenly descending upon a chosen region, usually important tourist areas, in an effort to wipe out the hippie community.

In Mexico, hippies are treated by the national press as a class of subhuman beings, a product of foreign decadence. Often, national problems are attributed to the destructive influence of this subculture.

OBSCENITY CHARGE DISMISSED

BERKELEY, Calif. [LNS]—An obscenity charge levelled against the publisher of the Berkeley Barb, Max Scherr, was thrown out of Berkeley Municipal Court by Judge George Brunn. Max was charged with obscenity for a photo, published March 26, which showed two naked men and a woman doing something together. But the judge said that the issue of obscenity "is to be determined by viewing the product as a whole, and not by examining isolated sections of it."

CURACAO EDITOR ON TRIAL

CURACAO [LNS]—Stanley Brown, a school teacher and editor of Vivo, the only underground paper in the Antilles, is on trial for "provocations" and alleged participation in the 30th of May Revolt. The rebellion marked the beginning of a new era for the island; striking oil workers and their allies demonstrated and set fire to part of downtown Willemstad in protest against the policies of the oil companies and the Dutch colonial government.

The press coverage of Brown's trial has been discreet. His name is never printed in the dailies; they use only the initials, S.B.

There are no comments from the editors, except those of the Papiamento language paper, which is used by the establishment as a propaganda arm, damning Brown and anything revolutionary.

THE STATE OF MEDICAL SCIENCE IN TODAY'S AMERIKA

BALTIMORE [LNS]—Don Merton, a Baltimore man, put an ad in the classified ads to sell his cornea. He needs the money so he can pay for surgery on his wife's hip. "I don't need to see out of both eyes any more, but she needs to walk," said the 55-year-old disabled veteran of World War II and Korea, according to an Associated Press report.

THE REAL QUESTION IS, COULD THE POPE GET IT UP?

ROME [LNS]—The Vatican daily says that humanity should be grateful to Pope Paul VI for his birth-control ban, which saves mankind from itself and especially from the dehumanizing effect of "unbridled sexuality." The comments appeared in a recent issue of L'Osservator Romano marking the anniversity of the Pope's encyclical.

STUDENTS FROM THE EMPIRE OF ETHIOPIA

Funds are urgently needed for the legal defense of Ethiopian students who held a militant demonstration against the recent visit of Emperor Haile Selassie to Washington [Haile Selassie was in this country to ask U.S. officials for further financial and military support for his feudal regime, under which the average annual per capita income is $35, and peasants are legally required to give 75 percent of their produce to the landlords.]

Now the U.S. government has charged the Ethiopian students with felonies for the demonstration, and has threatened the deportation of several of them—which in effect would mean a one-way ticket to the torture chamber.

Contributions should be sent to: Ahmed Kellow, Riggs National Bank, Lincoln Office, 17th and H Streets, N.W. Washington, D.C., account no. 12-01-678-024.

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Doctor Hippocrates

by Eugene Schoenfeld M.D.

QUESTION: Marijuana is often heavily weighted down with sugar, as I'm sure many smoker know. The obvious purpose seems to be to give as little grass as possible for the weight of the kilo or lid.

I understand that sugar, when smoked, turns to tar in the lungs which can easily and rapidly cause emphysema. What is your opinion of this? Personally, I am going back to baking brownies.

ANSWER: Several readers have asked about sugar found in their marijuana. But my informats tell me its purpose is neither to add weight nor to sweeten the effect.

Sugar or sugar containing soft drinks are used to make the leafy particles stick together when marijuana is compressed into kilogram bricks and illegally imported into the country.

Try burning a cube or lump of sugar. The black chunk of carbon which results will give you an idea of the effect on your lungs of smoking sugar. Even when marijuana hasn't been sugared, its smoke leaves a tarry residue. No one knows at this time whether marijuana smoke is more or less harmful to the lungs than an equivalent amount of tobacco smoke.

QUESTION: I read an article recently which claims that LSD has been linked to leukemia. How true is this?

The last time I dropped acid was 2 years ago—altogether only twice.

ANSWER: The article concerned a person who took a drug said to be LSD and later developed leukemia. But no relationship was established between these two events. At present, there is no scientific evidence that LSD causes leukemia. For that matter, the latest research indicates there is no difference between the chromosomes of LSD users and non-LSD users.

I mentioned a drug "said to be LSD." This qualification is added because all the legal LSD in the United States is strictly controlled by agencies of the federal government. "Street" LSD may be impure, a mixture of drugs or a different drug altogether.

QUESTION: I am 18 and have had sexual relations on and off since the age of 14. I find sex wonderful and beautiful. The boys [men] involved have been those I dated for more than 4 months steadily.

I'm Catholic and always vow to never sleep with anyone again, but somehow I always do. I mean like it's on my mind a lot.

I secretly fear that I am sterile and have used few precautions. A couple of times my lovers have, but last year we were having relations 3-4 times a week and I didn't get pregnant.

Do you think something is wrong with me? I tried going to a doctor to find out but I was 17 then and my mother wouldn't give permission for a pelvic examination. Could it be that my lovers [5 in all] have all been sterile, that I am sterile or that we have all been extremely lucky?

ANSWER: Most gynecologists would not be concerned about possible infertility in a female until she had been with one man for a year or more using no contraceptive methods. But you should have a pelvic examination by your family physician or gynecologist now that you're old enough. [California law permits persons 14 years and older who are living independently of their parents to receive medical treatment without parental consent.]

The chances are you've just been fortunate. Whatever else you press, don't press your luck.

* * * * *

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. $5 at your favorite bookstore.

* * * * *

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 9002, Berkeley, California 94709.

SANDERS ON SINCLAIR

[Continued from page 4]

quality in the fields of poetry and music criticism. Wherever he has lived, he had done much to establish communal housing for artists and musicians. Countless are the myriads of leaflets and broadsides spewed out by Sinclair in order to instruct, ferment, thrill and win the favor of the young who were just learning the true nature of western civilization. So, Sinclair's open loving community of houses and storefronts became a magnetic mecca attracting hundreds of strong dedicated radical creators. This pissed off the authorities. Here was a long-haired maniac telling the truth to the yount with well-reasoned fervor and total devotion. This man had to be stomped off the set. John Sinclair was the Jesus Christ of Marijuana. Only this time there are many of us ready to die defending our self-created culture within the rotting fabric of America. Our religion is pure. Our hearts are fierce. The message is this: sharing porn-mammals will conquer the Aeon.

During the past months John has been most active in managing the MC5, a rock group that has rocketed forward with John into national prominence under the aegis of social change, rock-lust and Ra music. Also during this period he was co-founder of the White Panther Party and has been serving as Minister of Information. Now, let us blend in the fact that for three years he has been active in LEMAR, the organization to legalize marijuana.

People like "Judge" Robert Colombo, who sentenced Sinclair to the 10 year term, would probably like to murder him because they are angered at what they consider to be John's real crime: standing up tall in the hail of paralyzed rat vomit and napalm that is the psyche of America and declaring himself to be a man freed from the repressive fascistic marijuana legislations.

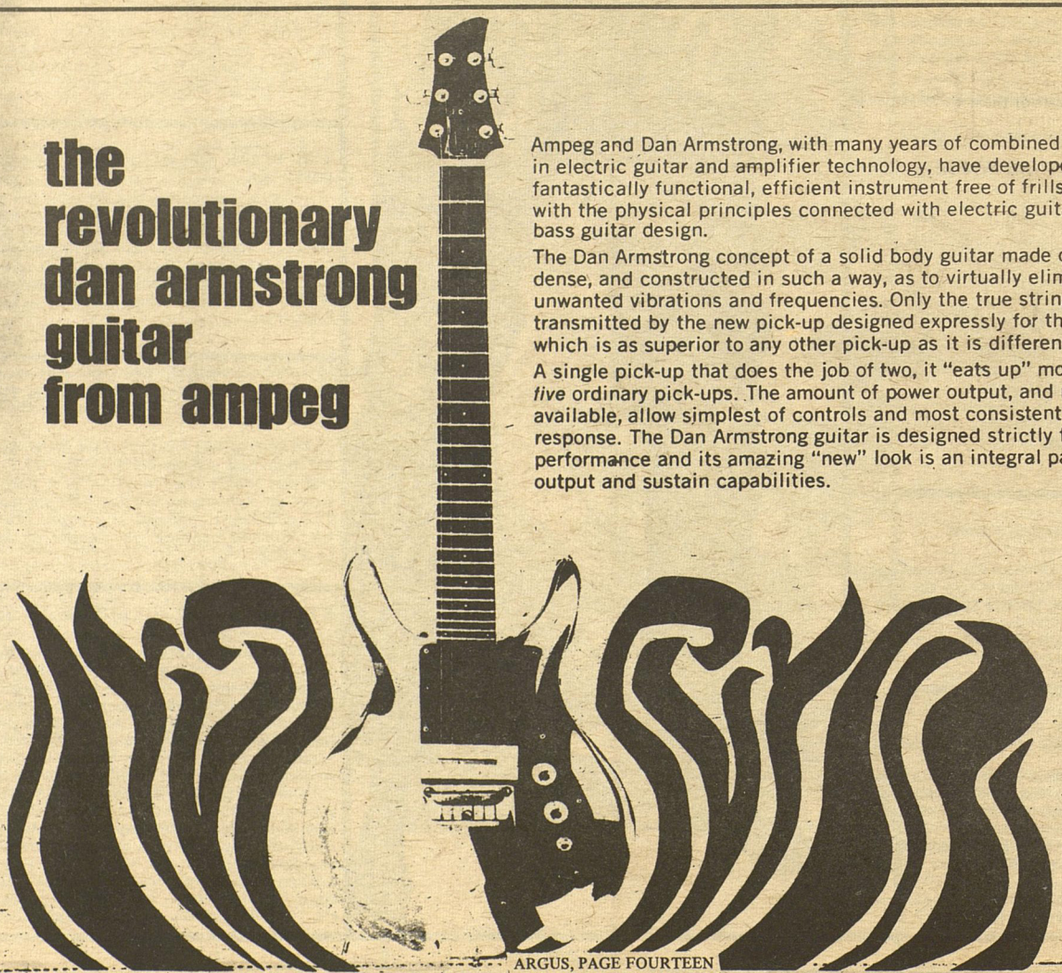
What can we do? A difficult question. First, there are four letters you can write immediately. 1) to Judge Robert Colombo, Detroit Recorders Court, Detroit, Michigan; 2) to a Mr. Callahan who is Wayne County [Detroit] prosecutor and has requested that John's sentence be upped to 20-40 years; 3) to Governor William Millikin, State Capitol Building, Lansing, Michigan, 48904; 4) to the Warden, Southern Michigan Prison, Jackson, Michigan. Remember to make your letters calm enough to be read and forceful but not threatening. We must exhaust certain legal avenues before we may have to Jesse James him out of the slams.

Money, as always is crucial at this point. The telephone company, in a suspiciously conspiratorial manner, cut off all the Trans-Love phones just as John was being sentenced so that coordination with the media at this important moment was halted. Money is needed immediately. People can help by organizing concerts, film showing, poetry readings, dinners, pot sales, etc. in their own areas to raise the incredible sums needed to spew something into the Supreme Court venue. Send your lifesaving contributions to:

John Sinclair Defense Fund
Trans-Love Energies
1510 Hill St.
Ann Arbor, Michigan

We may allow several months to pass attempting to free John Sinclair on bail and attempting to reason with the media, Senators, liberals, legislators, etc. to secure some trace of justice. If we fail, we shall be forced to mount a campaign to alter, if necessary, the nature of the government of the state of Michigan to free one of the most important men of our time. We will mount a campaign of 10's of 1000's of the pot smokers of America to spill thru creep vales of the heartland to tear down the walls of Jackson preson. We shall not be stopped!! Every set of lungs filled with the benevolent smoke of God is locked up with John Sinclair this very moment as he sits reft of his godly lion mane of hair, his books of poetry and the sweet comfort of feminine conjoinment alone and forlorn in a castel of satan. In the name of Jusus, Buddha, Thoth, Jehovah, Aphrodite, Poesy, Justice, Peace and Communality, we shall bring our brother forth into the light of freedom!!! Freedom!!! Freedom, Colombo! Freedom, Michigan! We have the God-Breath.

the revolutionary dan armstrong guitar from ampeg



Ampeg and Dan Armstrong, with many years of combined experience in electric guitar and amplifier technology, have developed a fantastically functional, efficient instrument free of frills and complete with the physical principles connected with electric guitar and bass guitar design.

The Dan Armstrong concept of a solid body guitar made of material so dense, and constructed in such a way, as to virtually eliminate all unwanted vibrations and frequencies. Only the true string signal is transmitted by the new pick-up designed expressly for this guitar, which is as superior to any other pick-up as it is different.

A single pick-up that does the job of two, it "eats up" more string than *five* ordinary pick-ups. The amount of power output, and range of tone available, allow simplest of controls and most consistent string response. The Dan Armstrong guitar is designed strictly for performance and its amazing "new" look is an integral part of its output and sustain capabilities.

Distributed exclusively by the Ampeg Company, Linden, N.J.

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Conspiracy

[Continued from page 11]

ed working to build a go-getter, gang-buster image a couple of months ago when he realized that Nixon might decide to replace him. His assistant, Richard Schultz, sees the trial as an apocalypse: convict the Eight and save the Nation!

The Conspiracy staff has been cooperating with Students for a Democratic Society [SDS] in plans for a national action in the fall. The main slogan for that action is "Bring the War Home!"—a new and more intense phase in the struggle against U.S. imperialism.

The action is scheduled for October 8 through 11, centering in Chicago with support actions throughout the country. On Friday, October 10, there will be a march on the Federal Building ot protest the Conspiracy trial. The following day, a massive march will be held to call for the withdrawal of all U.S. troops from Vietnam.

The laws under which the Eight have been indicted may well surface again in the government's drive to crush the national action. The Thurmond Amendment to the 1968 Civil Rights Act makes it illegal to cross state lines or use interstate commerce [such as mail, telephone, television and other communications] with the *intent* to "incite, organize, promote, encourage, participate in, or carry on a riot." A riot is defined as an act or threat of violence by *one* person in a group of *three* or more. The key word is "intent"—a riot need never occur. Thought-crimes are already on the books!

Another of Attorney General John Mitchell's chief weapons in stifling the government's opponents is the Long Amendment to the same act. This amendment—Louisiana Senator Russell Long's contribution to the jurisprudence of repression makes it a felony to make any effort to get in the way of any cop who is going about his "business." Combine that one with the conspiracy laws which make it illegal for two or more people to "agree" on an illegal plan, even if they never make an illegal move, and you have all the necessary machinery for a police state.

The Conspiracy refuses to make the trial a matter of apologetic technicalities. Abbie Hoffman says, "We aren't playing games. This is the biggest political trial of the century.

* * * * *

The Conspiracy has available a variety of literature, including leaflets, bumper-stickers, buttons and posters. A brochure describes the case in detail. The button, brochure and bumper-sticker are being sold for 25cents each, the poster costs 50cents and the leaflets are free. Postage and contributions are appreciated. Address inquiries and orders to: The Conspiracy, 28 E. Jackson, Chicago, Ill. 60604, phone: 312-427-7773.

Home...

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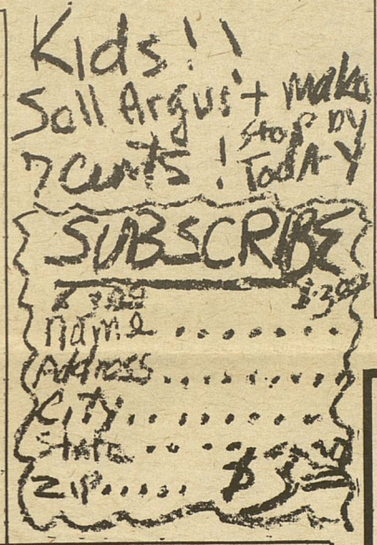
ation struggles can win."

He added that "everyone in the DRV expressed support of the black struggle in America. The victory of the NLF is the black struggle in America. The victory of the NLF is the black movement's victory too."

After a short statement by Grace Paley condemning the U.S. government for showing bad faith about the release ["The prisoners were released partly to show good faith on the part of the Vietnamese at the Paris negotiations," she said], the conference broke up.

If you watched television that night, you might have learned that three prisoners who the North Vietnamese released had returned to the U.S. Despite all the cameras, lights, wires and microphones at the press conference, however, you would not have heard a single word suggesting that people from the American movement were involved in the release, that those movement people had some words to say. Maybe there wasn't time, or maybe there's something about those words that just didn't serve the interests of the Pentagon and their friends who control the TV networks.



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RIGHT ON, COUNCILMAN

"A typical picture in the Argus shows the male genital in a discernibly turgid state," fumed City Councilman Stephenson, one of three Republicans on Ann Arbor City Council, at a recent meeting of that august body.

Well, we combed our files, and damned if we couldn't come up with any male genital in a turgid state. In fact, no one on the staff could even conceive of one of a man's balls being erect. But we think we know what Mr. Stephenson meant, since he obviously couldn't say "penis" at a city council meeting. With the number of eunuchs on the council, they wouldn't know what he was referring to.

Anyway, not wishing Mr. Stephenson to be guilty of persiflage, since we couldn't even find a picture of an erect penis in any of our issues, we hereby honor Mr. Stephenson's remarks. It's what you call having your words and eating it too.

Also, we present here the reason this generation is so corrupt, as gleaned from the pages of the Ann Arbor News Letters to the Editor, July 21, 1969.

'Immorality In City Hall'

Editor, The News:

As a concerned citizen of Ann Arbor, I participated in the march on City Hall, July 14, 1969. The march was to protest the immorality that exists in the Ann Arbor city parks on certain Sundays, and also to support our police and sheriff departments in their fight with Mayor Harris and City Council to enforce the law.

I was shocked to find that immorality even exists in the City Council's Chambers. On the east wall is a picture of a nude woman. The woman is posed in such a position to emphasize the part of her anatomy that certainly has no part in art.

Did Mayor Harris or any of the members of City Council hang this picture on the wall? If not why do they allow it to be shown?

Robert E. Trubey

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Ann Arbor Argus

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